Week ending February 13 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

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Murdoch McDougall's moving saga of Number Four Commando

THE WHITE PONY

A sensitive story by Cledwyn Hughes

THIS IS THE TIME OF WASHDAY when Mum has every reason to feel pleased with herself. Behind her are the results of her Surf boil: sheets, towels, hankies—all of them more than just white—spotless. Yet you should have seen how stained they were before their Surf boil.

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EDITORIAL

No. 67

When Miss Irene Croydon put down her life-savings of £350 as the deposit on No. 67 Grove Park Road, in the London borough of Camberwell, she looked forward to having a home of her own.

That was in April, 1952. The house had been requisitioned by the council, but she knew that part of it would soon be empty. As she intended her brother and her stepmother to live there with her, she foresaw no difficulty about moving into the vacant part.

She was wrong. Without even hearing her case, the council put in another tenant of its own. When this tenant left, it found another—again without even granting Miss Croydon an interview.

MISS IRENE CROYDON
"Only by breaking windows . . ."

So Miss Croydon, a thirty-nine year old secretary, is still living in a flat twelve doors away from her own property. She pays 23s. a week for three rooms without a bathroom. And she also pays 35s. a week mortgage, plus some insurance, for the house the council won't let her live in. The council refunds her £2 a week, but this is small compensation for the inconveniences she has to suffer.

Naturally she is furious about this, and she created an incident in the House of Commons a few months ago when she rained leaflets on M.P.s from the public gallery. "Only by breaking windows, making scenes in Parliament and ambushing ministers shall we get our homes back," she told the National Requisitioned Property Owners' Association.

For Miss Croydon is not alone in being officially locked out of her own house. Eight years after the end of the war, more than 100,000 families are living in requisitioned houses. Forty-eight local authorities, mostly in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds, are still housing six or more families per thousand in requisitioned premises. Yet none of these cities has been backward in house-building.

There is something wrong when 300,000 new houses a year are being built, without elementary justice being done to the owners of old ones.

Miss Croydon is wrong in talking about "militant suffragette action," of course. Violence solves nothing. Those now living in the requisitioned property might just as easily become violent, and with as much cause.

But it is exasperating for people who own houses to see others in occupation, when they want to live there themselves. The government should encourage local authorities to buy them out at a fair price, or arrange that the "squatters" are found somewhere else to live.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Artist Bill Dowsett still has this experience to come — "the later the better," he says. But his painting of a launderette shows the situation as he would like to see himself handling it. A steady hand, inscrutable face, the sure touch of a man who's done it all before—but, he fears, a pipe nearly snapping in two, and a hot sensation at the back of his neck that "they" know what he's feeling. This is sex equality with a vengeance! Phew!

Pay 20 gns. for a Pedigree Siamese —then forget to feed it?

Absurd, of course. No one would risk losing a pedigree animal by such neglect. That glossy coat and superb condition are the reward of correct care and nutrition. Good shoes are the same. They need a daily dressing with Cherry Blossom—the pedigree polish.
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Advertiser's Announcement

Pretty girls as targets in Red War

THE 'generals' are preparing. Their battle orders? "Get the *women*." Where this new "red war" will end is anyone's guess—but this is how it *began:*

Twenty years ago, one Robert Gordon-Moore had what seemed, at the time, a harmless enough idea. He had decided to aim his new red 'Cosmetic Toothpaste' at the women's market, instead of at both the sexes. All went well enough until a competitor, Lauraine Laboratories, Ltd., entered the arena, only a year ago, with another red dentifrice, called 'LESS' Toothpaste. So, in recent months, while they have been sparring for position, you will have noticed both these products very much in the news.

Now, the climax is at hand, with the two contestants locked in an all-out struggle for *your* custom. For, whether we like it or not, deep red toothpaste is here to stay.

And whose head is going to roll? Will it be the English-cum-French 'Cosmetic Toothpaste,' the rage of Hollywood? Not if we are to believe Mr. Gordon-Moore himself. For his 'Cosmetic Toothpaste' is the one containing rougeryl, the ruby-red ingredient which he claims polishes and whitens the teeth rather like jewellers' rouge polishes gold. It is also supposed slightly to deepen the pink colour of the gums, to make the teeth look even whiter still by contrast.

WHO then, makes so bold as to challenge this well-established product—which had the field to itself for so long? . . . Who, indeed, if not . . . yes . . . those Americans again—with what they call their 'Less' Toothpaste—a new product whose formula was dreamed up by a New York scientist in the shadows of a Manhattan sky-scraper. 'Less,' although on the British market only about a year, is reported unable to keep up with the rocketing demands.

Why the rush? The answer is decyl-carminate—*another* deep red ingredient that is said to do wonderful things for the teeth. Today, hundreds of thousands of women *and* men are using this new toothpaste—people who would never have dreamt of using a red toothpaste twelve months ago. For even un-beauty-conscious stockbrokers are surreptitiously emulating their pretty wives and daughters and have joined the large army of 'Less' users.

The claim for 'Less' is that a blob no larger than a pea is ample to get snowy white stain-free teeth. Hence its unusual name.

Both 'Less' and 'Cosmetic Toothpaste' are ammoniated, and it is well-known what clinical tests in the U.S.A. have shown regarding the effect of ammonia in reducing tooth decay.

So "big business" is watching closely while the women of Britain take up their toothbrushes and rally round the red toothpaste they personally prefer. Some are even buying a tube of each to try. Soon, willy-nilly, you may find yourself dragged into "taking sides" in the battle. Nice work—for these rival "dentifricians."

FREE SPEECH

His children can enjoy spending

I FORGOT to give my fifteen-year-old son his pocket money before I left home last Saturday, and he called at my office to collect it. His visit touched off a big discussion.

My three colleagues, men earning well over a thousand a year, agreed that a boy should have five shillings a week when he is thirteen, ten shillings at fifteen, and fifteen shillings at seventeen. Girls, they felt, should be able to make do on a few shillings a week less. These allowances seemed pretty mean to me, so I thought it best not to mention that I give my son a pound a week, and his thirteen-year-old sister ten shillings. The boy is usually broke again by Tuesday. His money goes on books and weekly theatre trips to London. The girl saves up every penny to buy cameras and film. It is good to see children with money to spend when they are of an age to enjoy it, but sometimes I envy my colleagues the cigarettes they can still afford.—J. C. R., Oldham, Lancashire.

Hat Trick

ONE of my zoology lecturers had a collection of European green lizards (*Lacerta viridis*), lovely creatures about nine inches long with emerald skins. We women students used to walk about the laboratories with these lizards clinging to our jumpers—they remained completely motionless for hours, and made attractive dress ornaments. The lecturer told us that once she had gone out with one of her lizards coiled round her hat. It behaved perfectly all the afternoon, but on the way home in the bus it opened its mouth and stuck out its tongue. The passenger sitting behind was most distressed.—MRS. P. JOHNSON, Grove Park, London.

Seventh Day

OUTSIDE an attractive little village in Wester Ross, Scotland, I saw this notice: "Visitors are respectfully requested not to come through this village on the Sabbath."—T. R. W., Bebington, Cheshire.

In Writing

IN a restaurant the other day I was served with a meal in badly battered crockery. I believe that it is the customer's responsibility to discourage dirty food habits, so I marked the chips and cracks heavily with a black wax pencil, and added a few written comments.—W. DUNCAN NEEDHAM, Ongar Road, Writtle, Chelmsford, Essex.

Pocket-size Pet

UNTIL I went to live on a farm in Huntingdonshire, I had never seen a weasel in captivity. This one was completely tame. Its most entertaining tricks were performed on the billiards table; it loved to dodge the balls during a game. When it tired, it took refuge in a pocket and peered out impishly with little more than its nose showing. If a ball was played towards its hiding place, it would spring out at the last moment, skip smartly across the table, and tumble into another pocket.—G. L. STEPHENS, South Croydon.

Man Of Substance

OVER a century ago Lanarkshire was famous for its backyard sheep. They were looked after very carefully, and their wool was highly prized throughout the country. It was the ambition of every lad to own a flock, because no girl would look at him unless he had "a ewe and a lamb." The moment he acquired them, he became an eligible bachelor. As the old poem had it, "Now that I've got my ewe and my lamb, it's 'Guid Moarnin'

John Bull begins a witty new autobiography

GAY ADVENTURE

by VIC OLIVER

Full details on page 12

Tam, Guid Moarnin' Tam.' "—MRS. J. M. SCOTT, Fairhill Place, Meikle Earnock, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

Night Life

MOST of the small boys who come into my chemist's shop want glass tubing for peashooters and the ingredients of gunpowder—which they do not get. Yesterday a confident boy of about ten asked if I had any pills which would keep him awake. I told him that I had, but that I could not sell them to him. "I'll go and fetch my father, then," said the boy. "I get too tired at night, and I'm missing a lot of good shows on TV."—J. C., Northumberland.

Death and Life

I WAS walking with another angler along a cart track near Wantage in the early morning when we noticed a swaying motion in a patch of the long damp grass. The motion came nearer, and when it reached the track we saw hundreds of eels break cover. Advancing on a five-yard front, they took nearly five minutes to cross the track. They were heading for a brook which met the Thames some miles away.—CHARLES H. WHITE, Randwick Road, Lower Tuffley, Gloucester.

The eels had probably reached their spawning season, and were on their way to the river from an isolated lake or pond, says the Natural History Museum. When eels are about eight to ten years old, they swim down the rivers to the sea. They cross the Atlantic to an area near Bermuda; there they spawn and then die. The larvae are carried back by the ocean currents.

The Limit

DRIVING behind a sports car, I noticed that one end of its petrol tank had broken loose; it was scraping along the road throwing up showers of sparks. I drew abreast of the car, and signalled to it to stop. The driver thanked me, and said: "You gave me a scare. I was speeding, and I thought you were a cop." He was a little embarrassed when I replied: "I am—but never mind."—R. S., Kent.

Master Jekyll

I WAS very surprised when I was told, at a recent parent-teacher meeting, that at school my twelve-year-old son was flighty, irresponsible and unreliable. At home he is a good boy, obedient and affectionate. A father was informed that his son had an excellent school record in every way. He told me that the boy is "a perfect devil" in the house. It seems that many schoolboys must have dual personalities.—MRS. V. L., Surrey.

Silent Hearing

I MAKE use of JOHN BULL'S "Consider Your Verdict" feature when I teach lip-reading to adults who are deaf or hard of hearing. The class acts as the jury, and its members lip-read the story as I tell it to them. After they have given their verdicts, I reveal the "official" verdict. Then the arguments begin.—P. T., Nottingham.

Smokers Matched

WHEN visiting friends in Sweden, I saw an enormous box of matches on their gas cooker. My hostess explained that boxes which are too large for the pocket are safe from men who smoke cigarettes. — D. R., London.

Never Again

SHORTLY after my son arrived in Canada he went to a rather hectic party at Calgary in Alberta. As he made his way home through the St. George's Island Park, he was caught in a sudden thunderstorm. He took

Dinosaur at Calgary, Alberta

shelter, and then a vivid lightning flash lit up a fearsome monster towering above him. The next day he learned that there are thirty huge stone replicas of prehistoric animals scattered about the park.—EDGAR GILKS, Trinity Street, Dorchester, Dorset.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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With this exciting new 639 Put-u-up suite you have the basic furniture for a home of your own with a settee that never 'gives away' the wonderful hidden Put-u-up double bed, and two of the most handsome and comfortable Easy Chairs imaginable . . . and at a record-breaking low price for such high quality furniture. At bedtime, without any fuss, you just open out the Put-u-up settee, with bed already made up and you sleep on a perfectly normal full size spring mattress bed. In addition to luxuriously sprung upholstery the settee has a spring seat edge and the chair seats have top layers of latex-foam. In contemporary style tapestries, 54 gns.; good quality uncut moquettes, 61 gns.; with latex-foam loose cushions (Suite 640) 63½ gns. Special overlay mattress, £3 13s. 6d. extra. Other 3-piece double-bed suites from £39 14s. 6d. Be sure to look for the Blue Ribbon on the settee-back—your guarantee that you are getting a genuine Put-u-up. **From all good Furnishers.**

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Then—as you drink and enjoy delicious Hall's Wine, you absorb the combination of vitamins your body must have to regain and maintain the healthy vigorous working of its various processes. Two glassfuls of Hall's Wine contain the necessary daily quantity of these vitamins your body needs for the proper balance of energy and well-being, and which replace the strength and vigour you have lost.

And here—thirdly—is how Hall's Wine works so quickly and so well for you! Because you take this vitamin enrichment in wine—life-giving wine—it gets into your bloodstream fast—quickly coming to the aid of starved cells with the goodness they are craving for and must have.

Yes, all this is why you feel that wonderful glow of returning strength as you sip your very first glassful of Hall's Wine. Get a bottle of Hall's Wine. Read the formula plainly printed on the label—your doctor knows its value. Then—relax and enjoy the delicious flavour, the glorious sensation of well-being, thankful for the cheerful certainty that Hall's Wine makes you well.

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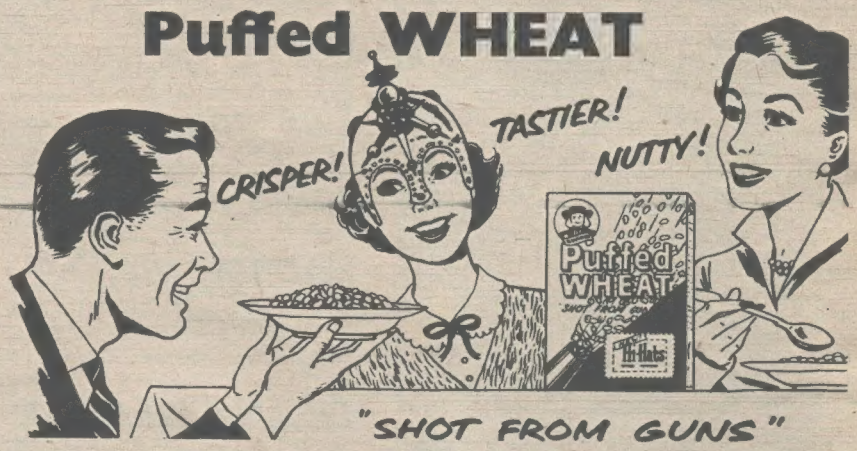
THE Empress — better known as Pam — loves to dress up in these exciting Hi-Hats—now on all the new Puffed Wheat packets ! Her mother certainly solved a problem by changing to this new *crisper, tastier* Quaker Puffed Wheat. For Pam just wouldn't eat her cereal before. But she adores Puffed Wheat — the only one with a keen nut-like flavour !

Puffed WHEAT



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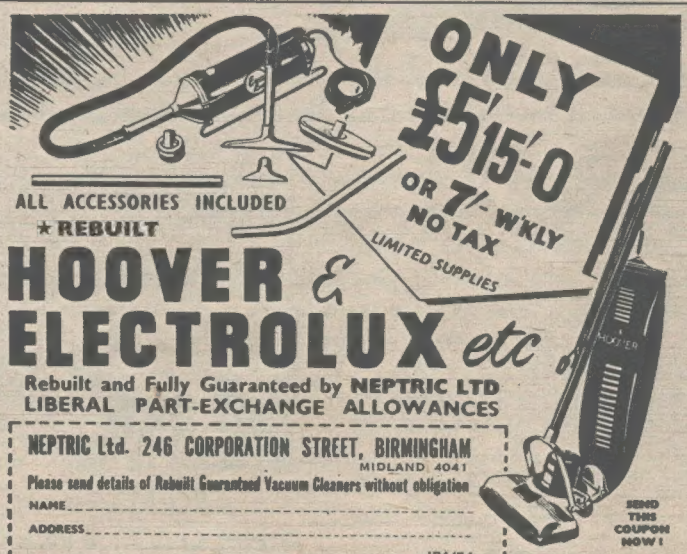


ACT OF MURDER

by ***JOHN KRUSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

It had been a moment of blazing rage. He wanted to kill Charlotte, to blot her out completely. And now he must pay for that moment

THE TALL, SLIM YOUNG Englishman came over the Alpine frontier into Italy at daybreak. He did not come over the Maddalena Pass where the frontier posts were, but across the mountains from St. Etienne de Tinée. There was no track. The June thaws were over, but there were snow beds still at eight thousand feet, and he had come through them in a pair of suède shoes and a golf-jacket, by moonlight, and without a guide.

It had been a night of terror for him. The wind had been like a bayonet in his kidneys all the way. The cold had spread like toothache into every bone. Once, in a paroxysm of self-pity, he had lain down to die, but fear had eventually driven him on again.

Now the reek of dawn was in his nostrils and he was climbing down towards a valley, with a village and a thread of road, and a river coming up in the greyness like a photoprint under the developer.

His exhausted thigh muscles let him down frequently and ridiculously and, each time, he remained sitting for a little longer, gasping, with his long, well-bred jaw out and his hair over his face and his big dark eyes wide like a dreamer.

Between him and the village was a spruce wood. He entered it and picked his way down between the shadowy boles, slithering on the soft needles.

SUDDENLY the silence was shattered by a thunderous clapping overhead. His heart jerked in his chest. A wild turkey. It winged heavily away. He uttered a half-laugh, which ended in a gasp. A large grey animal was darting to and fro among the trees. It stopped, caught sight of him, and bounded, snarling, towards him.

"Lupo! Eh, Lupo!" a voice shouted nearby. The dog hesitated. It began to bark.

The Englishman turned quickly and made off into the wood.

"Eh!" the voice called out behind him. He snatched a glance over his shoulder. A middle-aged Italian, wearing knickerbockers and carrying a gun, was coming through the trees. "Yes, you! Stop!" he shouted. The Englishman broke into a run, stumbled downhill blindly, his hands before his face. *"Imbecille!"* the man hurled after him. *"Pazzo!* Ruined my shot!"

The Englishman half expected to hear the dog coming after him; but it didn't, and the irate voice receded and then suddenly ceased, as though its owner had realized that he was disturbing all the game in the timber.

The young man kept going until, after a

Continued on page 26

Sherrard leaned over the parapet, staring. The woman was Charlotte—his wife. For a moment, he was so shaken he couldn't believe it was true

St. Loyes offers new lives for old

by FRANKLIN RUSSELL

"Do it yourself" is the unwritten motto of St. Loyes—the college that begins where medicine ends. It teaches the disabled a striking lesson: nothing's impossible, given the will to win

Despite paralysis, Edwin Pickering (left) and Joyce Gilbert are determined to help themselves. Centre is James Higgs, an instructor

High-class dressmaking work is produced in the college's "sheltered" workshops by students who might find outside employment too arduous

ON A RECENT SUNDAY AFTERNOON a distinguished woman visitor to St. Loyes College for the Disabled tried to help a cripple who was having difficulty climbing the main staircase. She was surprised and hurt when her helping hand was brusquely thrust aside. Later, she asked the college's welfare officer, Captain Frederick Williams, for an explanation of the man's behaviour.

"Three months ago," said Williams, "that man wanted to die. He thought he would never walk again. But now he's learned a lesson which has saved his life."

The lesson that three thousand disabled people have learned at St. Loyes, Exeter, over the past sixteen years is that self-help is the best chance for surviving in a competitive world. The unwritten constitution of the college, "Every trainee should do it himself," provokes a tempered spirit of competition which has produced some astonishing feats of training.

A burly, armless northerner came to the college in 1951 and complained that his artificial arms were useless. He showed no spirit of improvement. Soon after his arrival, another armless man, only five feet high, began to train in the same workshop. Within a week the big man was working frantically. "If that undersized fellow can do it, so can I," he told the vocational guidance instructor.

St. Loyes is a sixteen-acre community of modern brick buildings, market gardens and smooth asphalt paths along which wheelchair patients can move rapidly. Trainees, usually numbering about 160 at a time, take courses lasting up to nine months from fifteen instructors in nineteen different subjects, ranging from weaving and watchmaking to radio repairing and gardening. No disability is refused at St. Loyes while there is hope of successful tuition.

Where Self-reliance Begins

Williams, a round-faced, military-looking man, has been in a wheelchair himself for thirty of his fifty-six years. "The story of my own life is a cautionary tale to others," he says. "Disablement does not end useful living." Although his legs are paralysed by polio, and his hands and arms have no strength, he has been superintendent and welfare officer of St. Loyes College since 1937.

He never tires of emphasizing that self-reliance begins where medicine ends. His favourite illustration of this concerns a Yorkshire girl, crippled by polio, who raised her sister's four children after the sister died. The crippled girl improvised knee pads to climb stairs on her hands and knees. She carried a baby in a neck-sling, and kettles of boiling water between her teeth. When the family had grown up, she went to St. Loyes to learn leathercraft, and married a railwayman who had lost both legs in a shunting accident.

"But, unlike that girl," says Williams, "we have to teach most new trainees first to believe that they are of some use to the world." During this teaching the mettle of every trainee is thoroughly tested under competitive conditions. Malingering and self-pity are eliminated.

A polio case admitted in 1952 was listed as "suffering severely from self-pity." The man once fell down outside the administrative block and lay unnoticed, threshing his arms and legs and groaning pitiably. An orderly saw him from an upstairs window and ran downstairs. When he reached ground level, the man had gone. "When he realized he wasn't going to be helped," the orderly reported, "he must have struggled to his feet and walked off."

The Spirit Is The Secret

Williams mentally indexes such behaviour. When he says "The only insuperable difficulty here is an unwillingness of the spirit," he can easily remember every case of non-co-operation the college has encountered. A coal-miner was hopelessly crippled in a pit accident and, although he had no hope of returning to the mine, he refused to settle to training or to recognize his disability. He kept telling his workmates that he must get back to the pit. Untrained, he returned home to an unforeseeable future. "Many ex-miners claim that the only way a man can do a real day's work is down a pit," says Williams.

Formerly active and healthy men frequently have a negative and unrealistic approach to rehabilitation. Sailors often settle down only with difficulty. One sailor, a polio victim, would entertain his friends with tales of marine adventures he was planning for the years following his discharge from the college. He became furious if anybody asked how he was going to manage adventure with paralysed legs.

Visitors to St. Loyes, who come from all over the world, are always surprised at the optimism of the trainees. One of the education officers, Frank Tregellas, a thirty-four year old former trainee, suffers from a painful and progressive stiffening disease known as ankylosing spondylitis, which is gradually creeping into all his joints. He is already rigid from head to heel, but recently he spent half an hour asking an Australian visitor about emigration.

Often, the determination of trainees to help themselves surprises even Williams himself. A severe case of quadraplegia (spastic condition of all limbs) claimed his attention last year because the man was so close to the borderline between success and failure. When discussing the trainee with the technical director, Harold Kendall-Torry, Williams predicted almost insuperable

Captain Williams (left), welfare officer at St. Loyes, was paralysed by polio thirty years ago. "Disablement," he says, "does not end useful living"

Watched by an occupational therapist, Charles Roberts works at a loom. Besides weaving, the college teaches eighteen other occupations

difficulty, for the man was a radio trainee. "He has to make three or four grabs at an object before he can even grip it," said Williams.

One morning, when touring the college in his wheelchair, Williams saw the quadraplegic steady his right hand, reach inside a radio set and make a careful adjustment. "In some miraculous way," Williams says, "he learned to control his shaking limbs only for radio work. He proved a brilliant serviceman, and finally took an amputee into partnership in a highly successful repair business."

Few workers at the college care to define what prompts this superior will to succeed among trainees, but Williams is thankful that it exists, for he admits that training would be impossible without it. One of the college's secretaries, Joyce Gilbert, a former trainee herself, recently tried to analyse the reason for her conquest of severe paralysis. "You feel you *have* to succeed, even if it's only to prove to yourself that you can do it," she says.

It has been found that trainees at St. Loyes respond best to uniform treatment, although this is a flexible system which alters to meet varying conditions. Breakfast is served at eight o'clock, but not all trainees get up at the same time. The badly disabled, who sleep on the ground floor, may get up half an hour earlier than most of their colleagues. Many slightly disabled trainees are expert at speeding the dressing of their less fortunate friends.

Workshop routine begins sharp at 8.30, and trainees go to work on foot, by crutch and wheelchair. Their workshops are fundamentally normal, but occasionally special equipment is used. Sasamko Das, a former Indian Olympic cyclist who has a stiffened back and legs, sits at his watch-repairing bench on a hydraulically operated seat which he can raise or lower by moving a lever.

Work is interrupted only by educational classes and lectures on such subjects as the theory of workshop practice. Trainees work through to 5.30, with an hour's midday dinner break, and after high tea they are free to do as they please.

The social life of the college, which includes a games night every Wednesday, two weekly cinema shows, stage shows and chess tournaments, reinforces independence among trainees. Everybody is encouraged to leave the college grounds at weekends, and even the worst disabled can make long drives, which sometimes cover three counties, in their petrol and electric wheelchairs.

"Many of these people have never had normal social life before," says Williams. A thirty-year-old trainee from Birmingham, noted for his shyness and lack of character, was persuaded to sing at a concert. He turned out to be an excellent baritone and eventually developed an almost aggressively new social outlook.

Amidst such human affliction, real tragedy is rare. Even when training failure occurs, its force is cushioned by the outlook of the persons involved, for trainees are usually left to discover for themselves that their position is hopeless. "A visitor once told me that she thought we were cold-blooded," says one of the staff. "She thought it was unfair that crippled people should have to work at all."

Charged In His Wheelchair

Such an outlook worries Williams, who wants his trainees to be treated normally. He wishes it was more widely known that spastics are not mentally deficient, as suggested by their grimacing and convulsive movements. "In fact," he says, "although they lack co-ordination between the brain and the muscles, they are often exceptionally intelligent."

Disability can never conceal personality or individuality, Williams says, and a wheelchair is often a means of expression. A spastic wheelchair case, known to trainees as Sinbad, resented others who got around on crutches. He developed a feud with a crutch polio case and knocked him down with his wheelchair. While his enemy was still struggling to get up, Sinbad quickly knotted his shoelaces together.

On another occasion, Sinbad drove his wheelchair straight out of the college gates to the main road and was struck by a jeep. "The wheelchair was destroyed," says Williams, "but Sinbad, after being thrown about fifty feet, crawled away unharmed."

Epilepsy is one of the more difficult problems facing instructors at St. Loyes. Because machinery is dangerous, male epileptics usually become gardeners and women trainees do dressmaking. But even gardening can be dangerous to epileptics. One trainee, who later became a parks foreman, secured a position as a gardener in a cemetery. He was so excited at doing his first work that he had a fit near an open grave. In his letter of dismissal from his employers it was pointed out that "we do not want you to suffer an injurious fall."

St. Loyes College for the Training and Rehabilitation of the Disabled was founded in 1937 by Dame Georgiana Buller, a well-known social worker who died recently. At first the college was private and independent, but now eighty per cent of its trainees are sent from the Ministry of Labour, which last year contributed £41,000 out of the college's total income of £50,000.

Although the ministry pays £6 a week for each of its trainees, this is not enough to keep the college solvent. Its annual deficit is now more than £3,000, which, says Williams, has to be eliminated if work is to continue.

Not all trainees finish their courses successfully and find employment, but the average is high. In 1952, 240 were admitted and 180 found employment. The Ministry of Labour places only its own trainees in jobs, but St. Loyes is well known to many manufacturing firms, which keep the college informed of any vacancies they may have.

Emerged With A Queer Look

The fact that Williams is crippled himself is often a help in the rehabilitation of trainees. Most trainees never know that he shot down three German aircraft in the first World War, was awarded the D.F.C. and Military Cross, and passionately wanted to make a career out of flying. But they know he must be able to understand their own emotions.

A young man born without arms was once brought to St. Loyes in such an acute stage of melancholia that the staff had some doubts about his future. "He just didn't seem to want to go on living," says one of the technical instructors.

Finally, Williams had a long talk to the man. "The youngster came out of that office with a queer look on his face," one of the staff recalls, "very much like an office boy who's been trying to get a day off work for having a cut finger, only to find that his boss is working with a broken arm." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

The white pony

by ***CLEDWYN HUGHES***

ILLUSTRATED BY T. S. LA FONTAINE

She was the light of the old man's life—he would sooner die than harm her. But now he had no choice

CARADOC LLOYD'S OLD WHITE PONY was almost a legend in the trotting matches of the Welsh Border country. She was as white as a ghost, and moved with the same phantom-like speed. Except in competition, she was extraordinarily lazy. She hated shaft-work of all sorts; she had no energy while carrying yellow, sweet-scented hay under June suns.

And when there was white snow upon the larches and the meadows, she was kept constantly in her stable with food and drink; if she was walked outside by her old master in such conditions, she invariably caught a chill. She was too valuable to be exposed to the risk of illness; and, although Caradoc Lloyd would never frankly admit it, the old fast mare was near to his heart.

She had won almost a hundred cups; yet it was not for the silver that he loved her. The old white pony gave this old farmer something to live for. Indeed, it was said by all the neighbours that, but for the white pony, old Caradoc would long ago have died of a broken heart.

He had had more than his honest share of ill-luck. His wife had died many years ago, and there were no children. Crops seemed always to fail for Caradoc Lloyd; the clover was ruined by the rain; and the wheat turned black in the head and diseases had come to the stock. But through all the misfortunes and trials of the years, the white pony remained above mischief. Each summer she won at all the shows; each winter she stayed in her stable while the old farmer fed and watered her as if she were some sacred goddess.

She had been bought by Caradoc Lloyd, when a foal, from a travelling gipsy. That had been almost twenty years ago. Early in youth the white pony had shown remarkable stepping ability; she was like some well-oiled machine between the shafts of the wire-wheeled buggy. Then, Caradoc had trained her for trotting; it was one of the great sights of the year to see this mare in full pace, with her great long tail streaming out in the wind of her passing.

This white pony had never been named. To everyone, judges and spectators alike, she was known as "Caradoc Lloyd's white pony." In his most tender and companionable moments with the fast mare, her master spoke to her as "old girl"; that was as near as she ever got to being christened.

Thus, for almost twenty years, Caradoc and his white pony had been triumphant at the trotting races. Theirs was the happiness, and they were both loved and glorified among the parishes.

This year, one of the great one-day shows of the area, the Border and District, was to be held earlier than usual, in the first week of May.

Caradoc Lloyd, when he heard of the change of date, was not overjoyed. He was so worried in the matter that he went to see Perks, the solicitor, who was the secretary for the show.

"There is danger in having the show so early, Mr. Perks," he said. "There might be hard frost, even in May. What man will bring his stock and his horses out from the buildings in such weather?"

Mr. Perks was seated at his desk, threading paper clips one into the other. He was a man of the country, though having to spend his days in courts and offices and other ungodly places. He answered slowly: "It is not my decision, Mr. Lloyd, it is the committee's."

"Bah, man, what a committee it is, to be sure! They are tradesmen and officials and there is not a man who understands stock among them. Why, I have never heard of any show being held so early. June is the earliest, the very earliest, and you know that, Mr. Perks."

The solicitor nodded, made a bracelet of the paper clips around his wrist, looked at it for a half-minute, and then said: "You are worried for the white pony, aren't you? You are worried that she might catch a chill, or that the ground will be dangerous?"

"I worry more for her than I would for myself, and you know it, Mr. Perks."

"We all love her and you, Mr. Lloyd, and I'm sure that the sun will shine on a balmy spring day for the Border Show."

They smiled at each other. The old farmer left then; out on the street of the market town he looked anxiously at the clear sky of the May day, wondering if it would be warm or cold for the next four days.

FOR the next three nights there was a May frost, increasing a little in severity each night so that by the morning of the show-day there was a crispness upon the world.

Seeing this spring frost, the most deceitful and unwanted of all the frosts of the year, old Caradoc Lloyd made no outward comment, but there was a sigh in his heart. True, the sun would warm the prospect by mid-day, but the air went thin towards the end of the afternoon and it was the type of weather when pneumonia struck highly bred and sensitive animals.

For the days before the show, Caradoc Lloyd kept the white pony under cover in the great stable. Around the walls were pasted the certificates which she had won in the summers of the years. On the cold, rather bleak and chilly morning of the show-day, Caradoc Lloyd

It was an agonizing moment for old Caradoc.

gave the mare her special competition treat: a pound jar of honey in her manger. It was the signal to her that this, again, was to be a great day; a winning and memorable day.

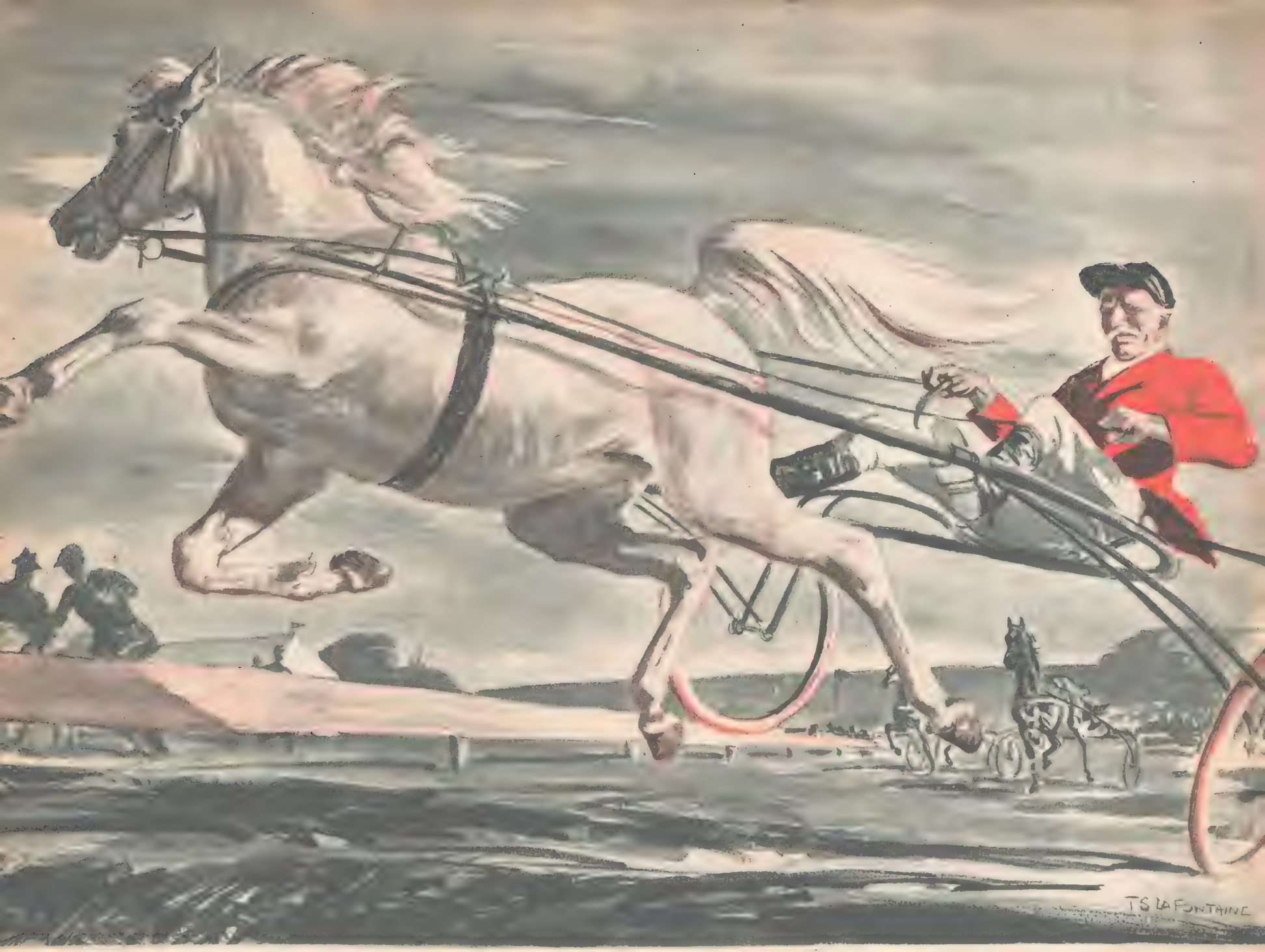
And as he left the stable and went to have his own breakfast in the old stone farmhouse which faced the south, Caradoc Lloyd put his hand along the back of his famous mare and said: "We shall bring home the cup again, old girl."

The white pony gave him a frisk of her long tail as he went by.

At half-past nine, Caradoc Lloyd got out the ancient horse-box which he used to transport the white pony about the countryside. He fixed on to a trailer the wire-wheeled trotting buggy. Then, in the lorry, he placed oats and an old milk-churn filled with water from the pump-well in the backyard; he trusted no other water for his wonderful mare. Also into the lorry he placed the oiled and supple, simple yet exceedingly strong, reins and light harness which attached the white pony to the buggy for the trotting.

After that, the old man gave his orders to his two workmen for the day, telling them to stay on the farm till half-past ten, and then to take the rest of the time off and go to the show-ground till the evening milking.

Up in his bedroom under the rafters and plastered slates, Caradoc Lloyd changed into his show outfit. He wore a canary-coloured waistcoat under his riding-coat of hunting pink; around his neck was a white cravat and about



They were going top speed and the child was running right into their path. He knew that a fall now would mean disaster for his beloved white mare

his legs breeches of stiff white whipcord. His riding boots he had inherited from his father; they were of an archaic design with buttons on the insteps and with heavy spurs of genuine silver.

And on his head, on this day of the Border Show, Caradoc Lloyd placed his black riding-cap. That was old and lined with silk, and he had about it many memories. Into this hat a bottle of champagne had once been poured when the white pony had won against all the horses of England; into this hat had been placed the golden pair of spurs which master and mare had won only last year in competition with American air force officers. This hat had recorded triumphs; it was the nearest thing the old man had to any lucky mascot.

Then he went outside, loaded the white pony into the lorry, tethered her, and shut the doors upon her. After that he hitched up the trailer, climbed into the driving-seat, and set off along the winding country road towards the market town at the mouth of the valley.

THE showfield was a great meadow surrounded on its south side by a sweep of river. There, already, was the excitement and the business of a great country show: a ring in the centre of the field marked off by a low white fence; the stockyard on one side filled with animals waiting for the judging by the experts, and marquees on another side with the home and farm produce.

As he parked the lorry, and unhitched the trailer, Caradoc Lloyd started to look about the field to see which of his rivals had come; who would be here this day. There were only the old faces, and the same trotting horses. A far greater worry to the old man was the state of the ground. As he walked about he heard the iron sound of it; he knew that a fall this day could be a great danger for man or horse. It would be well into the afternoon before the sun melted the frost, but the trotting match was to take place quite soon.

Caradoc Lloyd walked his famous mare gently down the sloping boards from the lorry. That done, he fetched help so that he could unload the trotting buggy. Then he harnessed the white pony to the buggy, sat himself on the seat above the framework, and began to exercise the outfit about the distant parts of the showfield.

There was a great crowd; a band was playing; demonstrators were shouting at their stalls; judges were watching shoeing and shearing; and announcements were coming from the tinny throats of the loudspeakers.

Caradoc brought the mare and buggy back to the lorry. He fed and watered her, and covered her with a beautiful, tasselled horse-rug.

Then the voice came over the loudspeakers: "American trotting, next event. Competitors into the ring, please."

Caradoc jumped on to the seat, adjusted his hat, twitched the reins, and took the old white pony at a spanking gallop into the ring. There were only three competitors. This was the smallest number for many years; the old man knew that the state of the ground, in its hardness, had kept away many horses and their masters.

STANDING with other officials in the centre of the ring was Mr. Perks, who waved to Caradoc Lloyd and said: "Well, what about the ground now, old friend? No snow, but it's pretty hard, I fear."

Caradoc shook his head. "Shows are meant for June, Mr. Perks; this ground rings like a bell. . . . If I or any other man be thrown out on our heads it will be the fault of the committee."

"Don't talk like that, old friend, you are all experts. We don't think about trouble. You will have to go slow and take a great care, that's all."

Mr. Perks went away and the stewards came to line up the buggies for the start of the race. From experience and habit the white pony began to move her legs up and down in one spot to obtain the rhythm for her run. Then there was a pause, and the starter's flag fell.

The race was on, over the hard and frosty ground. It was to be six times around the ring and, immediately, as always, the white pony went into the lead, her long, fine tail trailing out behind her. After two rounds she was twenty yards ahead and gaining all the time; Caradoc knew that there was plenty of wind and reserve in his wonderful mare. He

sat crouched on the jolting seat, his ungloved hands delicately holding the reins.

It was on the third round that there was a sudden, violent happening. A small child, escaped from its mother's clutching arms, ran across the line of the race. She passed a few feet away from the white pony and, but for the great unselfish skill of Caradoc Lloyd that day, the intant would have been killed. He pulled to the ring-centre when in the full motion of speed. Obediently the white mare turned.

On a normal quality of ground she would have suffered no accident. But the hard earth was now starting to melt just a little from the passing of the horses and the wheels; and the top white frost had worked in to give a dangerous and very slightly skiddy surface.

The white mare suddenly slipped, with a great, loud neigh. There was a noise like the breaking of a carrot and, as he was tossed high through the air from the buggy seat, Caradoc Lloyd knew that a leg of his most dearly beloved mare had been broken. Then darkness came to him, completely and utterly.

The old horseman awoke later in the secretary's tent. Bending over him was a local doctor who was speaking softly to a St. John Ambulance man. "A little more water for Mr. Lloyd, please."

The water swallowed, Caradoc Lloyd sat up stiffly and murmured: "My mare, where is my pony?"

The doctor tried to soothe him. "Now then, Mr. Lloyd, lie back please."

"But my mare, where is my wonderful white pony? Fetch Mr. Perks."

The solicitor came in, rubbing his hands together anxiously. "Hallo, Mr. Lloyd. Feeling better?"

"Yes, thank you, it was only a little knock on the head I had. But where is my mare?"

"The vet is with her now."

"Vet? She has not had a vet near her since she was born. What is he doing——?" The old man paused and then the memory of the snapping sound came to him and he got up quickly, beating off the hands which tried to help him. "The vet? Her leg?"

Mr. Perks nodded. "Leave it to the vet, Mr. Lloyd. He——"

"My God!—" for the first time in his life Caradoc Lloyd blasphemed—"she has broken her leg and they are going to shoot her! Stop them! By God, they shall shoot me first. . . ."

WITH a great strength, the old man raced from the tent and out into the hushed showfield. There was a group of people in the centre of the ring and there, on the grass which had known her triumphs, lay the white pony. A man was bending by her head.

With a wild shout Caradoc Lloyd called: "Stop, I say, stop! You have not my permission."

The man by the head of the white pony looked up. Caradoc Lloyd could see the humane-killer in his hand.

The old farmer ran to the vet and snatched the weapon away. The white pony gave a little whinny as she saw her master again.

The vet spoke harshly. "A horse with a broken leg has to be destroyed."

"Get away from my horse, I tell you!"

In the face of the old man's fury, the vet stepped back a pace. Caradoc Lloyd waved the humane-killer at the other men who were standing around. "You, all of you, stand away from my mare!"

Obediently they walked away. Caradoc bent about his mare and spoke to her. "You will be all right, old girl, they shall not touch you."

Mr. Perks came from his tent. To him the old man spoke: "Ask over the loudspeakers for my two men, Will and Dick, to come here."

The secretary did that, and the two men who worked on the farm of Caradoc Lloyd came to him, almost like strangers in their best clothes.

The old man spoke to them briefly. "Stay here while I fetch the lorry and the trailer."

He drove the vehicle into the ring. On to the trailer they loaded the twisted buggy, and the men fastened it with ropes. Then happened a remarkable thing; an example of the wisdom of a horse and its master.

It was a back leg which was broken. The two workmen, Dick and Will, supported the mare on that side while, on the softly spoken commands of her master, the white pony stood up. There were murmurs of wonder from the crowd; no show had seen a marvel such as this.

With slow step and courage, the white pony was half-lifted up the ramp into the lorry.

At the farm, the white mare was unloaded and set gently on straw in her stable. She was given honey and glucose and brandy. Dick, one of the men, was sent on his motor-bicycle over the pass in the mountains to a distant village where lived an old-fashioned vet. He was a farrier who had never qualified in the colleges, but yet was a marvel in what he could do with ancient ways and wild herbs.

This man came in an old jeep. He brought a sack of tools and he spoke but little; he was said to be a thinker, and something of a poet also.

He first of all made a sort of cradle for the broken leg out of the dry branches of osier willows; the sort used by basket-makers. This was wonderful to see, for it was held to the hock and the hip of the pony by neat bands of tarred linen. It was a strong, yet springy, support. Around this framework of willow he wound strip after strip of linen dipped in hot tar. He did this for an hour, testing the support for resilience and strength every few minutes, and constantly watching the natural symmetry of the horse's leg through an opening in the wickerwork down the one side. It was wonderful and ancient skill.

The farrier then made the white pony stand up and, as if it was some miracle, she was able to do that without pain or ill or worry.

Then the farrier spoke, picking tar from the back of his hand. "She'll be all right, Mr. Lloyd, right as rain in three months. But she'll never be able to trot again, just walk and canter, that's all."

"That's all I ask, man, all I ask, that she be a walking horse again."

BY now it was evening and the red sunset was promising yet another night of the late spring frost. The men and the farrier went out through the low doorway of the stable and the old farmer said: "Come to the house for some food, all of you."

Then he paused and held up his hand. "Can't you hear the band?"

The other three looked at the old man, as if afraid that the fall he had had, and the strain of this day, had left his tired and bruised mind full of imaginings.

But then the others heard it. It was the band playing on the showground far away for the crowds as they left for home. By some freak of the still, cold evening air they heard the sound of the music here on the mountainside.

The farrier said: "The old white mare will be missing the music in the summers to come, Mr. Lloyd."

Caradoc Lloyd only smiled. "Oh, no, not really. I shall take her to all the shows, but just to watch the others, that's all."

"She'll still be mistress of them all," said the farrier.

For a while they listened to the band and then Caradoc Lloyd pointed to the grey shape of the farmhouse.

"Come along for the food," he said. "We'll leave the stable door open till the moon rises."

"Yes, she'll enjoy the music," replied the farrier. "Especially tonight, for it'll be a sort of arcady for her."

The old farmer smiled again then, very gently: it was as if he had known that word all his life, and had entered already every dream which it contained. THE END

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Gay Adventure

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His stage is a pavement just off Piccadilly Circus, his artists two typical London buskers. Wilfrid Thomas himself has sung grand opera at Covent Garden

Thomas and singer Joyce Clark at a recent broadcast. He loves record-collecting, but is best known as a B.B.C. disc-jockey

Wilfrid Thomas goes anywhere for a song

by MICHAEL HAMMOND

In his tireless search for folk-music, he has faced angry elephants, deadly snakes—and some dangerous humans, too

ON A TOUR OF THE northern part of Australia, a B.B.C. disc-jockey and folk-song collector called Wilfrid Thomas once persuaded a tribe of Bathurst Islanders to organize a special corroboree so that he could make a recording. The natives smeared themselves with red ochre and strips of white clay to represent early British troops and, with dancing, singing and crude music, began acting out an incident from tribal history.

In the midst of the noisy corroboree, Thomas had to dash among the natives with his single microphone trying to pick up highlights of sound. He was jostled from side to side, and his sweating face was smeared red and white. A huge islander stamped hard on his foot and an elbow jolted his ribs. "When we played that recording," says an Australian Broadcasting Commission technician, "we had to cut out some strange exclamations by Thomas."

Nothing stops Thomas from getting what he wants when in pursuit of folk music. Although not fond of hard physical exercise, he has sweated a quarter of a million miles across Australian deserts, through African jungles, and to such places as Bangkok, Rangoon, Madrid, Tokyo and Athens in search of indigenous songs and music. In twenty years he has collected so many records that he is now unable to afford a house big enough to hold both himself and the records. He estimates that he owns between five and ten thousand of them, probably the world's biggest private collection of folk music.

In spite of his song-hunting energy, Thomas is not famous for that reason, although he uses many of the songs he collects on London radio programmes. He is better known as a B.B.C. disc-jockey and compère, a singer of popular songs, and the producer and sole actor in his weekly *Wilfrid Thomas Show*, a programme heard on an Australian network. His humorously-expressive face, bushy eyebrows and luxuriant waves of silvering hair are more familiar in the West End than in Sydney.

His weekly B.B.C. dance music show, *The White Cockatoo*, ended only recently. Now he is compèring *Let's Settle For Music*, with Kenny Baker's Dozen. And, with a B.B.C. producer, he is editing and presenting reports on the Royal Tour of Australia.

On music-hunting expeditions, he expects any sort of emergency. When in New Zealand recently he tried to keep a tiny hand microphone near the mouth of a gigantic Maori doing a haka, or war dance. With fearsome grimaces, the Maori leaped high into the air. Thomas jumped, too. The Maori flung his arms ahead of him, fluttering his fingers. Thomas crouched under the arms, keeping the microphone in position. Finally, with a savage shout and a tremendous leap, the Maori finished the haka. He was sweating and panting. So was Thomas.

"His determination to get those records is a paradox really," one of his friends says, "because Wilfrid isn't an energetic man." At forty-nine, Thomas admits he is more at home in an armchair than in a jungle, but he feels that some people err when estimating his energy. A Swiss guide once made him climb a three thousand foot mountain with his tape recorder to demonstrate and describe mountaineering techniques. Thomas completed the climb, but mentioned later that it nearly killed him.

No setting is too unlikely for Thomas to find a song. For a few stifling hours in a Central Australian train he listened to a bull-necked cattle drover bellowing out local songs. Between verses, which sounded deafening in the carriage, the drover gulped beer from a bottle. Immediately the train reached Alice Springs, Thomas made a tape recording of the song in his own

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

(NCC 776)

voice. His singing voice is so adaptable that he has appeared at Covent Garden in grand opera, and recently made a best selling record of the Western song, "High Noon."

When he was a youngster, his singing tutor in Sydney, a Welshman, used to become excited at the potential value of his voice. "Thomas, my boy," he would shout, "you have a gold-mine down your throat." But it was Thomas's distinctive speaking voice, and not his singing, which brought him rewards. His voice was once described by a friend, Dick Bentley, as "a mid-Atlantic voice, not too casual for the highbrows and informal enough for ordinary people."

His voice almost always has a positive effect on his listeners. In 1947, after a tour of the central Pacific, he received a picture of a beautiful Noumean girl. On the back of the picture was written, *"Je ne connais pas l'Anglais mais j'adore votre belle voix."*—I don't know English but I love your beautiful voice.

Maori Record Was Cursed

Although fundamentally a quiet man, Thomas is stubborn. For some weeks, he tried to convince a London recording company that it should allow him to make a record of a Somerset song, "Lord Rendal," which had no commercial possibilities. He made no progress until the company asked him to record the Western song, "High Noon." Thomas knew it would make money, but he refused to record it until "Lord Rendal" was authorized. "'High Noon' was a best seller," says a friend, "but the only person happy about 'Lord Rendal' was Wilfrid. He'd got his own way."

When searching New Zealand for local music, Thomas heard of a tribe of Maoris who were supposed to have a recording of a tune which brought death to whoever owned and played it. He spent days following up the clue and finally located the recording, which had been made years previously by a Maori playing a little-known instrument, the nose flute. "It won't do you any good to hear it," the Maoris told him. "The man who played the flute died immediately after the record was made. There is a curse on it."

Thomas decided to take the risk and taped the record. "But for some reason I can't explain," he says, "I have never played it since."

Most of the true folk songs which Thomas collects deal with all the old human situations such as elopements, marriages, murders, family feuds, jealousy and love. But one which he recorded in Kenya was a mumbling, humming melody of deep contentment following a big tribal feast. Thomas played the song back and then had to jump to rescue the tape recorder from the natives, who wanted to tear open the box and release their voices.

Much of Thomas's collecting has been done while travelling on routine radio assignments as an actor or commentator. He recently met an Australian who had driven from Ceylon to England with a tape recorder and had collected authentic songs on the way. "He thought he was going to make a fortune, but I had to tell him the songs were worthless," says Thomas.

Porcupine Lost His Wife

He was once determined to be the first man to record a giraffe's voice, although assured that giraffes were dumb. Perched high on a ladder at London Zoo, he placed the microphone close to the animal's mouth. "Suddenly," he recalls, "I heard a noise like a train coming." The noise rumbled up the giraffe's neck and finished in its mouth like a series of hiccups.

On another occasion a hyena steadfastly refused to scream into the microphone. Thomas eventually advanced into the cage and brandished a bone in the hyena's face. "It screamed dismally," says Thomas, "but whether at the bone or at me, I'm afraid I shall never know"

Although an elephant once threatened to trample him in Nigeria and a black mamba tried to bite his legs at an outdoor concert in Kenya, Thomas likes animals and believes they should be treated like people. When stymied trying to get a porcupine to rattle its quills for broadcasting, he asked a zoo attendant to remove the porcupine's wife from the enclosure. "Like any normal husband, the porcupine was angry," says Thomas, "and rattled furiously."

In searching for folk music, Thomas has sensed similarities of feeling in songs from Indonesia, India, Persia, Greece, North Africa and Spain. "I believe there is a relationship, however slight, between flamencos I have heard in southern Spain and some South Pacific music," he says.

As a youngster in Australia, Wilfrid Thomas always wanted to be a grand opera singer. His father, who emigrated to Australia when Wilfrid was six, encouraged this ambition. He rang up Wilfrid one day and said, "Sing 'Even Bravest Heart,' from *Faust*." The boy rendered the baritone part in a piping treble and later boasted that it was his first broadcast. When he became a professional singer in his early twenties, he was so thin that his borrowed dinner jacket fitted only with the aid of safety pins.

Thomas arrived in London with a concert party in the early thirties, via Malaya, Burma, Siam, India and Africa, and has split his living between London and Sydney ever since. Most of his early engagements were on Australia's and Britain's radio services. "I noticed that stations always wanted records of other countries' music," he says, "so I began my own collection."

During the chaos of early broadcasting, Thomas is remembered as being exceptionally calm and relaxed. Ewart Chapple, a former colleague and friend, who is now Australian Broadcasting Commission representative in London, recalls that Thomas remained unruffled in all crises. "We had a scriptwriter who was always behind with his serial," says Chapple. "Often he would still be writing an instalment when we began broadcasting it. Wilfrid never turned a hair, although the rest of us were worried stiff that he'd run out of script before the programme ended."

Thomas is continually adding songs, even modern ones, to his collection. He found "Auf Wiedersehen" in a Munich record shop, but failed to interest British publishers in it, and when it later became a world best seller Thomas did not share in the royalties. However, he once found an appealing Chinese song in the record library of Radio Hongkong, wrote English lyrics for it and called it "Rose, Rose, I Love You." He was astounded when it topped every hit parade and sold in millions.

"Rose, Rose, I Love You" and "Auf Wiedersehen" taught him that he had a knack for picking popular songs, but he is cautious about taking a high-priced gamble on buying the rights to songs that may become best sellers.

Wine Saved Their Skins

Thomas owns a piece of ground overlooking the ocean in Australia, and there is no logical reason why he should not be lying in Antipodean sunshine rather than enduring fog in London. "But," he says, "you feel you're in the centre of life here."

Personal charm wins some friends for Thomas, but he uses other methods when circumstances become urgent. He once took an interpreter into the Spanish gipsies' caves in Granada to search for original flamenco music. "Once inside the caves, though," he says, "there were some ugly mutters, and there seemed too many knives about for comfort."

While the gipsies crowded menacingly about, Thomas quickly instructed his interpreter to arrange a liberal supply of red wine and cognac, a move which prompted a general sheathing of knives. Thomas later recorded some really frenzied flamencos. THE END

Time for coffee at a late night dance music show which Wilfrid Thomas compèred. Here (left) he chats with vocalist June Marlow. It was Thomas who discovered the song hit, "Auf Wiedersehen"

RAMPS DOWN! (2) *by Murdoch C. McDougall*

We crack the fortress of Europe

Hunched like boxers, we shuffle up the beaches. A beaming, pyjama-clad Frenchman shouts, *"C'est le jour!"* Wounded, a pocket-sized Commando pokes fun at me. Across the street, a girl is sobbing . . .

IN THE HALCYON DAYS before the war, Ouistreham was a pleasant seaside resort, much frequented by carefree people of moderate means, people who liked a Continental holiday but who could not afford the splendour of Deauville or Cannes. I have a friend who passed such a holiday there; he described to me the magnificent stretch of beach, gently sloping down to the warm blue sea; the bright colours of the beach umbrellas; the damsels of ravishing beauty who by day sunned themselves on the *plage*, and who danced away the evening hours in the Casino. My friend enjoyed his stay in Ouistreham.

By June 6, 1944, the scene had changed. The beach was still there, 250 yards wide, but the umbrellas had given way to barbed wire; the low dunes to the west of the little town were studded with bunkers and pillboxes; the Casino had been demolished, and the basement fortified into a massive strongpoint. It now formed the objective of the two French troops of No. 4 Commando. My memories of our first landing on the beaches of France are vivid ones.

Stumbling thigh-deep in the water as we leapt from the landing-craft, top-heavy under the rucksack's load, I grabbed at one of the obstacles to steady myself. We had been warned about them: "Remember, all of you, they'll probably be either mined or booby-trapped in one way or another." I hoped this one wasn't. The water on my left seemed an odd colour; it was swirling round a threshing red stump, all that was left of an arm; the body attached to it was invisible under the churning water. I splashed forward into the shallower water and up on to the smoke-laden beach.

Through the wreaths of smoke I could see the hazy outline of the ridge of dunes. The air was full of peculiar whines and whizzing, and the clumping of the mortars and the tearing, searing rattle of machine-guns seemed to dominate everything.

Our landing-craft had beached fairly well, although it was difficult for me to see clearly through the drifting smoke. Over to the left, the two French troops were having a terrible job disembarking from two badly designed craft capable of holding about eight-five men in acute discomfort. Each vessel had two narrow ramps, and when these were lowered from the high bows they invariably struck the beach as the boat came in, which forced them aslant, and made it impossible for the troops to run freely down them.

This had happened to the French and, in addition, one ramp on each craft had been hit by mortar or shell fire. Eventually, the maddened troops, who were being struck down almost within reach of their native soil, hurled scaling nets over the side and swarmed down into the water.

Phillippe Kieffer—he led the French troops in their race to take the fortified Casino

Lefèvre—he sabotaged Nazi flame-throwers as the enemy sheltered from the Allied bombers

Moved Forward In A Daze

As I waded out, I found one of the men from Peter's section lying just above the water-line. He saw me, and I could see that he was calling to me. I bent over him. He had been caught by a burst of machine-gun fire, which had slashed across his thighs, and his legs were apparently almost severed. I tried to undo the harness of his heavy rucksack, which was holding him to the ground, but he had fixed it somehow to his belt and equipment. I had to leave him. My section stumbled out of the water past him, and we moved on up the beach.

Then I caught sight of Len Coulson, our troop commander, just ahead of me, and decided to stick with him. The others were following, though they could not have heard my shout of "This way F." All around, there was a hellish din which numbed the senses. I found I was moving forward in a sort of daze. I looked around for Peter Mercer-Wilson, who led the other section, but under the huge rucksacks every man looked alike, shuffling forward like boxers to the attack.

The H.Q. craft were disgorging their cargo of men now, and it was then that little Brian Mullen, the unit artist, who from aerial photographs had made a scale-model of the whole landing area, was hit. He would have sunk below the water, forced down by the weight of his rucksack, if Corporal Lansley had not dragged him on to the beach. Here, as he lay helpless, he was hit again by mortar-fire, and did not live to see the contours he had drawn.

Twenty yards up the beach, we reached a line of men without distinguishing rucksacks. They were the assault infantry, whose task had been to clear the beach and its immediate defences. They were committing certain suicide by trying to dig in on the spot. I saw one of their officers get to his feet, wave his men forward, run two

A wild figure with a white walrus moustache came bounding down upon them. Waving a flag, he was yelling at the top of his voice, "*Vive la France!*"

or three paces and crumple to the ground. No one else moved.

As we drew level, I kicked at the feet of the nearest man—"Get up, you idiot, keep going!" The man made no move. He was dead. So was the one next to him, and a third lay writhing in the sand, clutching at a shoulder shredded by machine-gun fire. They all looked young troops, and I thought that the man who had taught them to dig in on an open beach ought to have been there with them.

The mortaring seemed to be growing more intensive. Several times I felt the hot blast of the explosion a few yards away, making my eardrums throb. Just behind me, a Bren-gunner was suddenly hit in the legs by shrapnel and sank to the sand, calling to the sergeant-major, who happened to be next to him: "Sergeant-major, take the Bren, I've been hit." Taff Edwards looked round, paused, and in that moment was nicked in the wrist by a tiny particle of flying shrapnel.

As with most surface wounds, the blood spurted out, so he clapped his hand over it and snarled: "Take the Bren? Take the Bren? Can't you see *I've* been hit? Get up, man, and take the bloody thing yourself!" The astonished Bren-gunner, shaken into obedience, staggered to his feet and carried that Bren very effectively for another fortnight without complaint, before being evacuated to have his wounds treated.

"How Did They Miss You?"

I found that my mind was beginning to function more clearly, I was thinking along the lines of the drill we had practised on all the landing training. We'd be reaching the wire soon, and I hoped a lucky shell had blown a gap and that there were no mines left. I always dreaded the idea of mines; they made such a mess, and what was left quite often lived.

I could see the wire now, with what looked like a sort of mound behind it. Peering forward at it through the haze, I was half-stunned by a crashing explosion just on my left. The air was hot, and the tang of cordite caught at my nostrils. I looked round to see little Tich Cunningham, our troop medical orderly, picking himself up from the ground and staunching the flow of blood from his legs.

Cunningham was the smallest man in the entire unit, and on the last occasion when the whole Commando had numbered off from the right his diminutive figure, topped by a shock of red hair, had been left of the line, and his voice had echoed over the square: "Number four hundred and thirty-five sah!" Now, as he struggled with a field-dressing, he looked at me and said: "How the hell did they hit me and still miss *you*?" It had been one of the troop jokes that, as I am six foot five, he would have to carry me back to the dressing station the minute we went into action.

The mound behind the wire was a pillbox, with a turret on the left which had been a machine-gun post. We could see there was still somebody in the pillbox. A tommy-gunner let

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED BANBERRY

Drama at zero hour; badly designed ramps have been forced askew, and the infuriated French Commandos have to swarm ashore as best they can

go a burst as a figure appeared for a second at the entrance, and a stick grenade hurtled out to burst among the wire. All of us in a position to do so loosed off a round or two through the aperture of the bunker, if only to give vent to our feelings.

Then Len turned to me and said: "What's Knyvet up to?" Knyvet Carr, a slight figure, dwarfed by his rucksack, was scrambling through the wire. Knyvet was a regular officer of the Royal Artillery, who had been placed in command of the mortar and machine-gun troop, as this was the nearest approach to artillery we possessed.

It was certainly not in his rôle as mortar officer that he was working his way round into a position from which he could throw a grenade, over the mound of the pillbox, at the machine-gun which was firing in enfilade out on the troops on the right. A Bren gun fired burst after burst to give him cover as he scrambled up the slope of the mound. We saw him pull the pin from the grenade, pause, then lob it out of sight over the hump.

Riddled As They Fled

A moment later, after the burst, he stood up, but slipped under the weight of his rucksack, fell, and rolled to the foot of the slope. At the same time a stick grenade whirled out of the loophole and landed between the rolling figure and the wire. The burst of the grenade and the rattle of the avenging Bren sounded simultaneous, and none of us expected the slight figure to get up. But he did, unharmed except for a scratch on the wrist, and the troops began to swarm through the wire, past the pillbox and into the dunes beyond.

Two men inside the pillbox were still alive and active, but not for long; and a few others, who made a dash to some alternative position in the rear, were more or less riddled. We saw the troops to our right dealing similarly with the pillboxes confronting them, as the whole Commando moved in an extended line through the beach defences.

Once clear of the wire and first line of emplacements, we quickly found the assembly area of partially demolished buildings. Here, a little off the beach, things were unnaturally quiet. After the numbing, chaotic din of the beach, it seemed extraordinary that we should now be able to speak in a normal tone of voice. Maybe the dunes were acting as a sort of baffle-wall, as we could still hear behind us the constant thumping of the mortar-bombs, like a muted background.

In the assembly area, the whole scene was reminiscent of our landing exercises. Len and I found Peter checking his section, and as mine came in I did the same. As I moved around among the encumbered troops I bumped into a sergeant whom I recognized as belonging to "E" troop. The tears were running down his face.

He paused as he saw me, then said: "Mr. Wellesley-Colley's dead, sir. He just died, back there at the wire. He was hit just as we came ashore, sir, but he picked himself up and walked with us all the way across the beach. Then, when we reached the wire, he couldn't go any farther. I bent down over him, and all he said was: 'I'm sorry, sergeant. Tell the chaps I'm sorry I couldn't make it,' and then he died, sir." The sergeant drew a slow breath. Then he moved on past me to join his section.

Back with our own troop, the tommy-gunners were busy cleaning sand from their weapons, and the rest lay waiting for the next phase. The Bren-gunners were posted at various vantage points in the dunes, covering the landward side. It was still too early to realize the full significance of the fact that the beach had been crossed, in spite of the failure of the infantry. Whatever came now, we could hit back, and that, on an open beach, is practically impossible.

The next move was to be the approach through the little town on our left, culminating in the assault on the battery at the far end. The two French troops were to lead the way, until they forked off to the left to attack the Casino strongpoint. As they left the main line of advance, "C" troop would lead the rest of us right through the town until we reached the main road junction, where tramlines intersected. We would cross this, and at the third road on the left after it we would turn down towards the sea again and would approach the battery at the far end.

Following behind "C" troop through the town, "D" troop was to make the entry into the battery, across the wide anti-tank ditch, while "A" troop, equipped with light machine-guns, was to give close support from nearby houses. "E" troop was to take the gunpits to the right, "F" the gunpits to the left. Commando H.Q. was to take up a position about midway between the point where the French troops branched off to the Casino, and where we turned down to the battery; it would have "B" troop, with mortars and machine-guns, in reserve.

Within "F" troop, Peter would lead with his section, followed by Len with troop H.Q., followed by my section, until we got inside the battery, when the whole troop would attack the three gunpits.

French Scorned Cover

There was already movement on our left, and the French troops made for the main road into the town. By now, this road was being mortared from somewhere inland, and its hard cobbled surface made each exploding bomb more deadly, for none of the burst was absorbed.

The French, however, who had waited long enough for this chance, seemed to scorn any sort of cover as they swarmed along the road. Watching them from the dunes, as we waited our turn to move off, they seemed to be competing with one another in a headlong race for the Casino.

Out in the lead, Phillippe Kieffer, tall, burly and determined—his family was still in France, and his son was at that moment fighting with the maquis in the Haute-Savoie—pressed on towards the turning down to the Casino. His British signaller plodded along behind him, panting. As they neared the road junction, a wild figure waving a huge French flag came bounding down upon them, yelling at the top of his voice: *"Vive la France!"*

He embraced the delighted Kieffer, then leaped upon the signaller, whom he kissed heartily on both cheeks. "Steady, Charlie!" said the embarrassed signaller, but by now the stranger, a venerable old man with a white walrus moustache, was talking excitedly with Phillippe Kieffer. It turned out that his name was Lefèvre; he had been the district resistance leader, and the source of invaluable information about the area.

Now he was explaining to Kieffer, amid gales of laughter, how he had nipped out during the bombardment of the town, while the German

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THE GOLDEN FOOL

by ***DAVID DIVINE***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

In the vast beauty of the silent veld, they found a brief happiness together. For once, hatred and violence seemed a million miles away

SHRIEKING INSANELY, tearing at her with their nails, the Boer women set upon Lisette Lemaire. They accused the young girl of consorting with an "English spy," called her a wanton, a Jezebel. . . . Then they threw her into a stream. She lay there, unconscious. . . .

Lisette's English lover was no spy. He was a young gold prospector named Anthony Stopford, and he had found gold near the Transvaal farm of Jacques Lemaire, Lisette's father. Lemaire had found him dying of food poisoning at his "strike"; had carried him back to the farm. He meant to keep him there for six months. Then, perhaps, Stopford would understand that gold would ruin the primitive, Biblical life of the soil which the Boers loved.

Stopford had stayed—and fallen in love with Lisette. The discovery of gold remained a secret, known only to him and the Lemaires.

But Jonathan, Lemaire's younger son, hated the Englishman: he wanted the gold to finance a vast scheme for growing tobacco, and Stopford had flatly refused to help him. Old Jacques Lemaire had even threatened to kill his son if he betrayed the gold.

By branding Stopford as a spy, Jonathan had roused the whole countryside against him. The elders kept an open mind; but it was fatally easy to whip the young hot-heads into a frenzy. The climax came at the Easter *nagmaal*—an open-air religious feast, when all the local families and their wagons were gathered together. It was then that the women poured all their fury upon Lisette.

Fighting his way through the screeching, clawing mass, Stopford seized Lisette in his arms and carried her to safety. He knew now that they must run away together. That night, leaving a note inside Lemaire's Bible, they stole horses and rode out into the veld. . . .

PART 5

The Desperate Flight

JONATHAN came back to the wagon. He walked uncertainly, warily, as if he were afraid of his reception, and he paused on the edge of the circle of the fire. It was bright now with the still-brilliant embers of the heavy sticks that September, the cattle-boy, had put upon it. He could see that there was no one in the blankets under the wagon, and after a while he walked to the fire and stood looking down into it.

As if he found nothing there to satisfy him, he walked to the tail of the wagon and looked in under the tilt, and when his eyes had become accustomed to the light, he seemed surprised that it was empty. For an instant he leant against it, trying to search the blanket more closely, wondering what had happened to Lisette.

He saw the Bible on the pillow and, casually and without purpose, picked it up.

With his back against the tilt door, he stood weighing it in his hands and looking at it, and after a moment or two he let it open as the old

Stopford knelt and took her face gently between his hands. "I am not afraid, Tooni," she said proudly. "I think that I can never be afraid of anything again, except of losing you"

men did when they searched for a verse, for a verse that held a sign.

He was not sure what he was looking for—perhaps he wanted a sign for himself. There was an impasse here. The women's madness had had on the men a strange effect—on all the men, the young men also. He had lost the control he had had, unacknowledged, inadmissible, all through this trouble: perhaps it was for a brief while only, he could not tell; perhaps the Bible would tell him.

He looked down and saw that there was a paper between the pages, and he put the Bible back on the bed while he held it up and read the simple wording of it. Then he stood for a long while quite motionless, his eyes narrowed and brooding on the heart of the flames.

Presently, quite slowly and deliberately, he crouched down beside the fire, rolled up the note and thrust it with a single quick movement into the flames. Then he walked over to the wagon-tilt and, picking up the Bible, replaced it in the Bible box. He slipped off his boots and his jacket and wrapped himself in his blankets underneath the wagon. If they were gone, there was nothing he could do now, in the night and the darkness—and he had still to force his father into an admission of the gold.

Lemaire came back to the camp. He was heavy and somnolent with tobacco smoke and the brandy that Prinsloo had brought out, eased with companionship. No problems had been settled, no issues had been decided, and yet there was upon him the beginnings at least of peace. He looked for Stopford as if he expected to find him sitting at the fire, but the circle about the fire was empty, and he went to the wagon-tilt. Stopford was not there, and he looked in it and saw that the wagon was empty also. He stood pulling his lip and pondering. When he saw the figure lying under the wagon, he went over, and at once saw that it was Jonathan and not Stopford.

"Where are they?" he demanded harshly.

Jonathan lifted himself on to his elbow.. "How should I know? I came here and there was nobody except September—he's over there in the bushes. There was nobody else, neither Stopford nor Lisette. She's better?"

Lemaire disregarded the question, but after a long silence he muttered: "Perhaps he has taken her over to Tant' Wilhelmina's." He knew as he said it that he did not think so, but after a second he added deliberately: "He spoke of that."

"Didn't you . . . ?" began Jonathan.

Lemaire turned on him fiercely. "What questions can you ask. If she is dead, it is your doing!" Suddenly an overpowering anger took him. "Take your blankets away from here!" he ordered. "This is my wagon and I will not shelter you longer."

Jonathan looked at him quite steadily for a minute, began to speak and then changed his mind. Rolling up his blankets, he picked them up and went away in silence.

At last, the road came out between the final shoulders of the hills. To Stopford it was like coming up out of water on to a dry and open s[illegible]e. The air that, below them, was still hot and heavy with the day, still filled with flower scent, with the smoke of fires, with cattle scents and man scents and all the incense of humanity, fell away from them almost as if it had had a tidemark and a level, and they came into cool air drifting across the open veld. In it, plover cried, mournful and sad and lonely. They stopped the horses to breathe them, and sat silent in the enormous emptiness. They could see no margins now, no outlines except those of the valley behind them. They could tell that the sky was ended only because there were no more stars. The land, the rolling upland plain, was held in the night and there was no shape to it, no size, no ending.

Lisette stretched out her hand to him and said—and something of the strange, unhappy softness seemed to have gone from her voice—"Now I am no longer frightened, Tooni."

They rode forward again. Over to the east there was a glow against the horizon, the glow of the moonrise, and as they moved steadily south it grew until the moon itself came over the edge of the world, enormous, ill-shaped, past its prime, full of a red light that flooded all the plain. While they rode, the moon rose clear of the dust-belt of the air, its light changed from red to gold and from gold to a bright, impersonal silver.

There were still no boundaries to the world they rode through. It had grown wider only, more vast; great sweeps of silver grass that merged into smooth shoulders of tarnished light, that fell in turn into other shoulders in other tones, and lost themselves and the edges of the world alike in reluctant planes of ever-diminishing brilliance.

It grew colder.

They came at last to the head of an enormous, easy slope, and Lisette said, without emphasis: "This is the place. There is rock here for a long way and it's stony beyond. They will not see where we have turned off—not at once, anyway."

"Will they follow us?"

"Of course," she answered, almost scornfully. "Not my father, not the old men, perhaps, but Jonathan: this is his horse! But I think they will go back to the farm first."

Stopford nodded. "And then?"

"I hope perhaps they will think we have gone to Potchefstroom. Jonathan would think so. It's what he would do if he were in your place."

"And your father?"

"No, he wouldn't think that. He will find what you have written to him."

STOPFORD moved his horse a little over the smooth rock slope, watching its feet anxiously in the uncertain moonlight. Lisette came after him and they went forward in silence, very slowly, leaving the work to the horses. The plover were calling again close to them, and Stopford found himself enclosed by excitement. He felt a tingling of the nerves, a vibrant feeling in his fingers. He was remembering the venom and the hostility of Jonathan in the last weeks, the acrid bitterness of his eyes.

There was no romance in this elopement—he used the word wryly to himself—there was behind them only ugliness, and in front of them loneliness and fear.

He stopped his horse and looked at Lisette, slight and bowed in the saddle, and the forlornness of her tore at his heart.

Her horse came abreast of his, and she said: "No, we must go on farther still on the rocks. We are too near the road." With a sudden little uplift of her voice she asked: "You haven't heard anything?"

"No, only the plover."

"They sound as if they are lost," she said sadly. "Lost like us, Tooni."

He reached over and his hand touched her shoulder. He closed his fingers on its firm softness.

"No, we are not lost, Lisette. We have a long way to go, but we're not lost."

* * *

Jonathan looked down at the huddled figure of Pastor Celliers, and said: "Dominie, I didn't know you were here. My father has driven me away. Now I must use somebody else's fire."

Celliers rocked forward in his chair as if he were in physical pain. "It is terrible that a father should do that, but it is just. Do you know what you are doing, Jonathan?"

"Yes, I know," said the boy brusquely.

"Do any of us know?" Jonathan made no answer, and after a time Celliers went on: "How will you account for it to God if this man Stopford is what he says he is?"

"I know that he is not. Why should I then worry about what I will have to say to God? He has a secret. If we let him go, we are fools. Ask my father yourself over the Bible if everything he has said of Stopford is true! You have asked what I will say to God. Ask him what *he* will say to God!" He turned with a quick opportunism. "Will you do that for me?"

Celliers shook his head. "There has been so much trouble," he said, a note of weakness, almost of self-pity, creeping into his voice, "so much trouble—the women. . . ."

"What have the women to do with us?" demanded Jonathan brutally. A sudden certitude seemed to possess him. "Listen, Dominie! You say that it is I who have made this trouble. Now I say that I will go away if my father answers everything in the morning. I will go to Schoemansdal and I will not come back here. Then . . ."—he flung out both hands in a nervous gesture—"then there will be no more trouble here; but if I stay here, what do you think will happen?"

The old man jerked himself upright at last, and in the faint light of the fire the anger in

Bezuidenhout swung round in the saddle. He ga

ve a triumphant shout and pointed down, to the hoofmarks in the dust. It was all they needed to know. Wherever the lovers had gone, they would follow

his eyes was visible. "Go under the wagon there and sleep," he ordered, "and do not try to threaten a minister of God!"

Jonathan, certain that his point was made, said humbly: "I am sorry, Dominie, but in this I am so sure."

THEY were a long way from the rock now, going easily over smooth and open country. Already they had turned so far that the moon was over their right shoulders. They were heading round the base of a long, sloping ridge of country on a level that had about it a slow diminishment towards the north. As they rode, Stopford could see that the smoothness of it was broken by three small clumps of trees: thorn trees, he thought, but he could not see for the distortions of the moonlight and the distance.

As if she knew what he was thinking, Lisette said:

"That's the stream there. If there's water in the pools we can stop now."

In spite of the coolness of the late night air the horses were sweating. Under the trees, Stopford took off the saddles and wiped the beasts down with handfuls of dried grass. Then he let them drink, each in turn and for a little only, and, taking them reluctantly from the water, picketed them in the dry grass.

When he got back to the trees, Lisette had opened the blanket rolls and the saddle-bags. She was kneeling at the blankets, her head drawn back, looking up at him, and a shaft of moonlight through the trees caught her head and held it luminous against the dark background of the shadow so that it was like the window of a pale lantern in the night. Only her head was in the light, and he could see no more than the vague outline of her body below it, insubstantial, inadequate of support.

There was an antique, irrational beauty in the moment. It was as if there was caught here something out of ancient beliefs and mysteries, not ghostlike—something more palpable than that, something holier. Once again he had a vision of transcendent loveliness.

As he came close to her, she stretched out her arm suddenly, clasped his knees and pressed her face to him. "Tooni, you must love me now. You must love me! After what they said, after what they called me, after what they did, nothing can make me clean again until you love me."

Very gently he freed her arms and, kneeling in front of her, took her face between his hands. He said slowly: "You are so young, Lisette."

She said proudly: "I am not afraid. I think I can never be afraid of anything again, except of losing you. If you take me now, Tooni, I can never lose you altogether, and nothing but this can help me to forget—and Tooni, Tooni, I must forget!" Her face suddenly was full of tears.

He bent towards her and kissed her with a quick crescendo of passion, and she clung to him, sobbing.

* * *

"The horses have gone," said Jonathan brusquely. "September went early to them and

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Mike Hawthorn splits seconds to win

by JOHN ENNIS

In his cool, methodical way, Britain's gold medal driver lives for speed—which is his reason for racing with an Italian team

A cooler for Hawthorn after his victory in the Rheims Grand Prix last July. He drove an Italian Ferrari—the only make of car in which he races

LATE ON THE NIGHT of June 14 last year, a large open 1929 Lagonda car roared away from Le Mans, in Northern France, where earlier that day a British Jaguar had won the annual twenty-four hour race against the world's fastest sports cars. Excited by the British victory, and by the celebration that had followed it, the owner of the Lagonda was showing his passenger what his car could do. As it rocked round a turn, the six-foot-two-inch, fair-haired young man in the passenger seat wondered if he had been wise to ask his fellow Briton for a lift.

Even more uncomfortable than his hectic driving was the motorist's conversation. Grimly patriotic, he was growling: "We'll drive those Ferraris into the dust."

The man in the passenger seat was Michael Hawthorn, the sole British driver in the Italian Ferrari car-racing team. Since he agreed at the end of 1952 to drive only the red-painted Ferrari cars he has faced a barrage of criticism from British motor-racing enthusiasts for "going foreign."

A quiet, easy-going young man with a wide, boyish face, Hawthorn rarely argues. On this occasion he kept silent until he reached his hotel, when he told the owner of the Lagonda his name. "He disappeared hurriedly," says Hawthorn. "Later he came back and apologized."

Waits For A Fast British Car

Though he takes criticism calmly, Hawthorn has an answer for those who believe he should use his skill to raise British racing car prestige.

"The cars we have in Britain are simply not fast enough to beat the Italians," he says. "They are from ten to twenty miles an hour slower, and it is in that extra bit of speed that the finer points of driving are brought out. If you don't win in a really fast car you know the fault is in your driving, and you have to work to improve it. When Britain does have a fast enough car, if I am wanted I shall drive it—and I have had the experience that today can come only from driving Italian cars."

At twenty-four, Hawthorn is Britain's champion racing driver, holder of the Gold Star awarded by the British Racing Drivers Club to the most successful driver of the year. In his first outing in a racing car, at Goodwood in 1952, he won two of his three races and came second in the other to an Italian car with twice the power of his own. Next day a motoring expert wrote: "I have rarely seen a more skilful driver."

Won Most Of His First Races

The Ferrari firm pays no salary to Hawthorn. He receives a percentage of starting money and prize-money, and he is paid bonuses for the use of his name in car accessory advertisements. Alberto Ascari, who for several years was the star of the Ferrari team, earned £15,000 a year in this way.

Hawthorn won the first car event he entered—a speed trial at Brighton in 1950. He was driving an old 1,100-c.c Riley which his father, owner of a garage in Farnham, Surrey, had bought for him. "It was a good car for a boy to learn in," says his father. "Plenty of machinery around him to take the knocks if he hit anything, and not too violent." A few months later, after gaining five wins, two seconds and a third out of eight aerodrome races, Hawthorn entered the Ulster Handicap race. Mr. Hawthorn senior had lumbago, and he let his son drive his more powerful 1,500-c.c. Riley. "Mike won, so I gave up," says Leslie Hawthorn, an old Brooklands driver. "I thought I

Hawthorn laps the Silverstone circuit at over 96 m.p.h. On this course, he once hit a piece of cardboard on a corner; from the stands, his mother saw him hurtle backwards at top speed

For a change, Mike sometimes reverts to his first love: he rode a motor cycle when a boy

would look a clot if I raced after the boy had done so well."

One day early in 1952, Leslie Hawthorn was looking at a diagram of a new racing car, the Cooper-Bristol, in a motoring journal, when his telephone rang. The caller was an old friend, Bob Chase, a marine engineer at Saltdean, Sussex. "I've been reading about this new racing car," said Chase. "If Mike would let me buy one for him I'd be very pleased."

It was in this Cooper-Bristol, painted in the British racing green, that Hawthorn drove his way to the front rank of Europe's racing drivers. "It looked like a good car, and he seemed to be a good driver," Chase says today. "I thought it would be a good idea to put them together."

Hugh Sewell, one of a devoted group of men who worked night and day to keep the Cooper-Bristol at racing pitch, believes that Hawthorn's ability as an engineer, combined with his good memory, helps him to win races. Sewell remembers that before the Leinster Trophy race in 1951, Hawthorn motored slowly round the eight miles of narrow, winding roads in a touring car, then made a fast circuit.

"The first trip gave him a general idea of the course," says Sewell. "The second taught him his cut-off points—where he must ease the throttle and apply the brakes for each turn. All this cuts seconds off his lap times."

During a race many drivers are given detailed instructions by signals from the pits. "We found that if we let Mike know his position, and his distance from the man in front and the one behind, he could be trusted to drive his own race," says his father. Now that Hawthorn drives for Ferraris he has to obey his team manager.

Michael Hawthorn was born in Mexborough, Yorkshire, but his family moved to Surrey when he was two years old. He went to Ardingly College, Sussex. Before he was old enough to hold a licence he had a motor cycle which he rode in the garden of his home. When he was twelve he used to steer his father's car for miles along country roads while his father worked the pedals and gear lever.

While still a schoolboy he told his father he wanted to be a racing driver. "That's like saying you want to be a famous pianist," Leslie Hawthorn told him. "Choose a profession and I'll let you try racing as a hobby." The boy chose engineering, went to technical schools and served a five-year apprenticeship.

Between Kingston Technical College and his home he drove a battered 500-c.c. Fiat. A fellow student, Brian Carpenter, owned a 998-c.c. Balilla Fiat sports car. "I had a race with him one day, but he left me behind," says Carpenter. "His judgment of distance is phenomenal. He can put a car where he wants it within a few inches."

This judgment, combined with quick reflexes, is the main characteristic of Hawthorn's driving. At the 1952 Motor Show his reflexes were tested. He had to brake a dummy car when a stop-light flashed. His reaction was almost twice as fast as that of the average motorist.

Hawthorn's friends have noticed an unusual thoroughness in everything he does. Dr. Pat Hume Kendall, at whose house Hawthorn often stays when in London, remembers one Saturday evening in May, 1952. Hawthorn arrived in London very late after winning a race at Boreham and setting up a new 92.02 m.p.h. lap record. "He had lost his visor during the race," Kendall recalls, "and he walked round the course until darkness fell, looking for it. He had won hundreds of pounds and the visor was worth about £2 10s. Later a small boy sent it to him by post—but by then he had bought a new one."

Skidded Backwards Into Fire

Once Hawthorn allowed Dr. Kendall to drive his Ferrari saloon—"but only for about 150 yards," says Kendall. "His usual calm was gone. He was like a cat on hot bricks, saying 'do this, don't do that.' Once, at a party, two girl friends tried to drive an old Lancia car of his down the road for a joke. He was livid."

Before one race at Syracuse, Sicily, he was warned by Louis Chiron, the French driver, not to wear nylon while racing. "I wore a nylon overall when I crashed recently and was badly burned," Chiron told him. "The nylon melted into the burns." Hawthorn was wearing nylon socks. He was also wearing a short-sleeved jerkin, and it occurred to him that his father had told him never to race in short sleeves because of the painful cuts he would receive if he fell into the road. "I decided I was not going to go on fire or fall out, so I carried on dressed as I was," says Hawthorn.

In the race another driver hit a wall and his car caught fire. Hawthorn, just behind him, skidded and went through the fire backwards. "I caught fire, jumped out of the car while it was still moving, fell and cut my arms. Luckily my socks were not burned," says Hawthorn. Since then he has never worn nylon in a race, and has always had his arms covered.

The greatest danger a racing driver has to face is overturning, says Hawthorn, and this usually happens when the car is sliding sideways and something causes the sliding wheels to grip suddenly. At Silverstone once, with his mother watching from the stands, his car was sliding round a greasy bend when his back wheel gripped on a piece of cardboard that marked the edge of the course. "The car tilted at a hundred miles an hour, but I managed to get it going backwards, stopped and got back into the race," he recalls.

"A racing driver always tries to get the car running forwards or backwards in such tricky situations," says Hawthorn. "But if you are going backwards you must always look steadily at the nose of the car. It is asking for trouble to turn round and try to steer like a man reversing slowly into a gateway."

Hawthorn's only serious crash was when he last drove the Cooper-Bristol. After racing at Monza, Italy, one Sunday in September, 1952, he was invited by Nello Ugolini, the Ferrari team manager, to try a Ferrari car at Modena, where he was due to race on the following Sunday. After a few circuits he was asked to drive a Ferrari in the Modena race. Then Ugolini said: "Why don't you try your Cooper and compare the times?"

Leslie Hawthorn and Hugh Sewell watched as Hawthorn sped in the British car towards a corner. The Cooper-Bristol has to be handled differently from a Ferrari, and having accustomed himself to the Italian car, Hawthorn forgot this fact—for about a tenth of a second. It was long enough to carry him too near the corner at speed and to force him to brake dangerously hard, so that the wheels of his car were locking. Desperately he tried the only action left to him. He put on full power and tried to slide the car round the turn. "One of the bales of straw at the outside edge of the bend was out of line," says his father. "Mike's back wheel rode up the bale and the car somersaulted."

Car Crashed On Top Of Him

Sewell and Leslie Hawthorn drove out to pick up the half-conscious driver, who had been thrown from the car and hit, probably by the steering wheel, as it crashed down on him. "I got him in our car with his head on my lap, and I talked to him as if he were a child," says Sewell. "I said 'Don't worry, the car's not badly damaged,' because I knew he would want to know that."

Hawthorn had cracked some ribs, chipped a piece from his spine and one of his lungs had collapsed. He spent a month in hospital. Nello Ugolini visited him often, bringing fruit. He also brought a contract. . . . THE END

Marriage

Stevenson—Ewing

LUCKY START TO MARRIED LIFE

The wedding took place at Bound End, on December 11th, of Mr. David Stevenson, of Lackham Grove, Stobbing, and Miss Diana Ewing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ewing, of East Park, West Piller. The Vicar officiated, and the bride was given away by her father.

Miss Ewing wore a full-skirted dress of white silk brocade with a V-neck and long pointed sleeves, and carried a bouquet of red roses and lilies of the valley. Just as she was leaving the church, the bride was delighted to see a fine black cat walk across her path—a good omen for future luck!

Among the guests at the reception were the bride's [illegible] sister, who [illegible]

Like many of today's young brides, she will care for her home *and* her hands with Puritan, the *gentle* green household soap. She knows she is helping her hands to *keep* that smooth, wedding-day look.

Because it is made by an entirely new process, Puritan gives more lather more quickly—and a little goes a long way. For all those washing jobs that soap does best, it's Puritan you need. Entrust your hands to Puritan's gentle care all through your married life.

TWO TABLETS 11d

PURITAN

KEEPS ACTIVE HANDS ATTRACTIVE HANDS!

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CROSFIELDS (O W O) LIMITED, WARRINGTON

RAMPS DOWN!

Continued from page 18

garrison had been below ground, and cut the cables to the flame-throwers covering the beaches, battery and Casino, all of which were electrically controlled. Throughout the battle for the Casino this intrepid old man was here, there and everywhere in his efforts to help.

Meanwhile the rest of us were pushing along the straight road that led into Ouistreham itself. "C" troop was well into the town by the time we in "F" were moving to the first cross-road. This we reached as the last men of "E" troop were on it. Then came the screaming, rushing roar we had already learned to dislike as being too close for comfort.

Two Still Figures . . .

Flat against the sandy dune-grass, clinging to any dip in the ground, we heard the shattering crash of the burst, and were showered with earth, stones and bits of wood. A tangy smell accompanied a cloud of smoke and dust that drifted slowly into nothingness. But already Peter and his men were across the road. Automatically we scrambled up and hunched into a run.

On the corner two still figures lay sprawled in the dust. Both were dead. A third, the signaller, was kneeling with his head bowed in his hands in the shadow of the wall, making no attempt to move on. He seemed dazed, and Len called to him to keep going. The signaller rocked back against the wall, turning towards us a face that was just a splash of blood with a mess of congealed matter which had been an eye. Wordlessly, we left him.

We were now on the long, straight stretch that led direct to the centre of the town. On the right, or landward, side there was a single-track tramline, which had probably connected Ouistreham with the next coastal town. This had not been in use for some time, and probably would not be used for some time to come, as parts of it were simply masses of twisted metal.

On our left, to the seaward side, we could now hear the almost continuous rattle of small-arms fire as the French went into action in their approach to the Casino.

My shoulders were aching with the straps of the rucksack. We ought soon to be reaching the point where we were to dump the things, I thought. I peered ahead along the single line of lurching figures. No sign of the dumping-area yet. There were more houses round about now, once attractive villas with white walls and red roofs. Few windows were left now; dusty, cracked walls supported dilapidated roofs, broken tiles slithered to the ground as we passed. In some of the gardens, trenches had been dug, but none was occupied.

First Of The Shells

The men in front were shedding their rucksacks at last. Those belonging to the leading troops were stacked along the roadway, each with its three-inch mortar-bomb protruding from the pouch. That was a mortar troop's only reserve of ammunition. Thankfully, I eased my shoulders out of the harness and moved on, feeling curiously unsteady on my feet.

We were now approaching the centre of the town, and for the first time we came under shell-fire. In my ignorance, I thought it was still mortar-fire, but a gunner in my section, on hearing the first, sharp, cracking explosion after the quicker, more vicious whistle, said excitedly: "Ee, them's guns!" To which McVeigh replied: "What did you think they were—peashooters?"

Crouched beside a low wall, as the leading troops had halted, I looked along the line of men in front of me. One man suddenly stood upright, clasped his stomach, and crashed forward on his face. The shot must have come from the windows of one of the houses opposite. The man in front of him turned, and in that moment was shot through the head.

As I was searching the windows, a Centaur tank clattered past us and opened fire with an earsplitting roar on the gable windows of one of the houses. The window disappeared, and the enemy fire ceased.

We moved now in short dashes, with numerous awkward halts as "C" troop penetrated farther and farther towards the battery. Then we reached the main road junction. There were the tram crossings, and over on the right were a number of old disused trams. One was leaning drunkenly against its neighbour. On one corner was a café, in front of which a beaming figure in pyjamas was rushing from group to group, cheering and waving. "*C'est le jour!*" he was shouting. "*Le jour de la libération!*"

My attention was caught, however, by what was happening at the other side of the street, where a young woman, sobbing distractedly, was being hurried indoors by an older woman. I wondered what was the cause of their grief. Was it simply reaction at having had to contain and conceal their feelings for so long?

Or had the girl perhaps formed some sort of attachment to one of the German garrison? After all, the Germans had not fought their way into that part of France; they had marched in with bands playing, and during their stay they had, from all accounts, behaved with punctilious correctness. . . .

One Wild Strawberry

My thoughts were interrupted as the men in front of me dashed forward. I followed past the first side road, then there was a dusty track and, about twenty or thirty yards farther along, another road. For a moment, I wondered about the track, and tried to remember the aerial photographs covering that part. Had the white lines of the roads all shown up the same width? I couldn't remember—I had been more interested in the battery.

Anyhow, we passed another road, and on the next turning was an enormous bomb crater, through which we scrambled and dashed for the shelter of a wall on the right. We worked our way along it, then came another halt. I sat down and wiped the sweat from my brow. Len called back: "Check up whether the mortar men have still got all their bombs."

The mortar men were close behind me. I checked with them and, as I did so, I felt something soft and round under my hand. It was one single large wild strawberry. For a moment I thought of other strawberries, other summers. I popped it in my mouth. This whole thing was getting more like a training scheme every minute. Except for those odd khaki figures lying in a widening pool by the roadside. Funny how you couldn't recognize them as men you'd known. Just as well.

We moved on down the road. On the right we could see the lighthouse. We seemed very near to it, and I realized we must have come too far along the main road. That track must have been a road after all. Another stop as we came level with some houses on the left. The sound of rifles and Brens ahead of us was much louder now, and more continuous. About fifty yards ahead a tank was lying abandoned on its side.

"Unseeing, Unhearing"

From the sound of the firing, I thought that "E" troop, immediately in front of us, must be running into trouble and, as though to bear this out, a grimy and bloodstained figure, grey of face, lurched unsteadily into view. He was from "E" troop. His wounds had already been dressed and he was making his way back to the beach. He passed us, unseeing, unhearing. We moved on.

At the end of the row of houses we found we had to bear left across an open space to a track, probably the one we had passed before, which now ran down the near side of a high white wall. The leading men broke into a double, and we followed on, slipping and stumbling in the loose sand.

Running with my section towards the track, I saw Peter and his men reach it, then turn right along the line of the wall. They crossed safely and disappeared among some houses. Len

"And then I'll stop yours"

and H.Q. began their dash to join the leading section. As my two leading men reached the track and turned, bursts of machine-gun fire from somewhere on our right flank slashed across the white of the wall a foot or so in front of them. They dived for cover, and as I sprinted over to where they lay, white dust arose from the wall as a flaky line whipped along it.

I swore and dropped flat. We could not afford to have the troop split in two at this stage. The battery must be close now, and unless we moved quickly the rest of the troop, who did not know of our predicament, would reach it on their own. We had about eighty yards of open ground to cross, all of which was covered by this damned machine-gun. I was not even sure where the fire was coming from.

Death At The Window

I said to the two men beside me: "Try and see where they are," and shouted for the Bren. As the Bren-gunner hurled himself down beside us, to be joined a second later in a whirl of white dust and sand by his number two, the two observers both yelled: "There he is!" and the nearest turned and pointed to a little window on the end of a house. "In there, sir. I just saw the flash when he was firing."

I turned to the Bren-gunner, a little Glaswegian, who already had his gun in position. "The corner house, the window at this end. The range'll be about two-fifty, keep firing in bursts while we all cross." He set his sights. "Right, sir." The Bren stuttered into action.

With the leading men, I scrambled to my feet and raced across the open ground. When we reached the cover at the other end the next group started, while the Bren sent burst after burst into the window. I was glad we had decided to use one-in-five tracer.

Once we had sufficient riflemen across we could give cover to the Bren group as they came over. The difficulty was to stop their firing. They could not hear a shout over the noise of the gun. By good luck, they paused while the gunner fumbled for another magazine, and heard me hailing them. While we kept up a fusillade on the window, the pair of them lumbered across. Once over, the whole operation had to be repeated to bring over the remaining sub-section.

This time, the sub-section commander sent his Bren over first, then came little Cunningham, the medical orderly, who by this time could barely limp along, much less run. The remaining riflemen and tommy-gunners followed.

From start to finish, we could not have been delayed more than three or four minutes, and I hoped that the leading section had been held up for a minute or two before reaching the battery.

We set off at a run across the road into the rubble of a block of houses, where we found a man who had been dropped off by the other section to pick us up as we came along. As we ran, he showed us the route taken by the first party. We fairly tore along.

By now we were passing men of "C" troop, whose initial task had been to lead the way to the fringe of the battery. That meant the battery must be very close.

I thought of the photographs of the area round the battery. I remembered very little of the surroundings except the wide anti-tank ditch which formed the outer perimeter of the battery itself. Immediately inside that had been wire, and a short distance inside the battery proper we had been shown a landmark. This had appeared on the aerial photographs as a white square which, we were told, was a solid building, about sixty feet high, built of white stone.

The Ivory Tower...

It was primarily an observation tower, to control the fire of the guns in the battery. "But," they had said, "by the time you get there, after all the bombing and the shelling, there probably won't be any building. You'll recognize the white rubble, though."

I called out to a man as we passed: "How far now?"

"Just round that corner, sir, and you're right at the ditch," he answered cheerfully.

We swept round the corner, and my heart dropped to my boots. For there, beyond the ditch, tall, white and gleaming in the early morning sunlight, stood the tower, seemingly undamaged. Its completely blank face made it even more sinister. On our side there was no door, no window, just concrete.

The only sign of life about it, as we raced over the planks crossing the anti-tank ditch, was the steady stream of stick-grenades that twitched and twirled over the parapet at the top. . . .

NEXT WEEK: The four sleepless days—and the first German counter-attack

"Smooth" IS THE KEY WORD

says **NEVILLE DUKE,**
famous test-pilot—breaker
of world speed records.

"Once through the turbulence of the 'sound barrier'", says one of the handful of men who have flown at over 700 miles an hour, "you are in a smooth, *silent world. This smoothness is one of the most exciting things about supersonic flying."*

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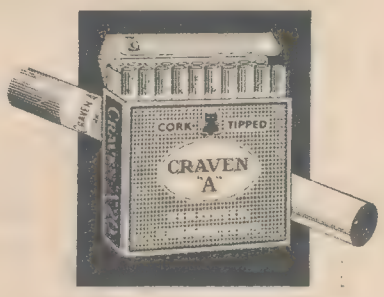


Every Craven 'A' Smoker
enjoys fine cigarettes
made smoother by cork

Smooth **to the lips...**

Smooth **to the taste... *Smooth* to the throat**

ACT OF MURDER

Continued from page 7

few minutes, he reached the bottom edge of the wood. He had no plan. He headed automatically for the village below.

As he drew close to it, something began in his numbed brain which was the resurgence of common sense. It nagged him steadily. A frontier village. There would be *carabinieri* . . . they would want to see his papers. He hadn't even got a passport. He had nothing—a few francs.

He needed to rest; sit down somewhere; swallow a hot drink; get this damned chill out of his bones. But the risk was too great. He turned off the track and skirted around the outlying cottages, heading down into the valley beyond.

He wandered on, uncertain what to do. The valley narrowed and steepened. The road swung in below him. Below the road was the river, and the road dog-legged across it over an old stone bridge.

He threw himself suddenly down in the scrub above the bridge and rolled over on to his back, clapping his hands to his eyes. I could die, he thought. He was completely exhausted. He wanted to rest, but his mind, let loose suddenly in the darkness beneath his palms, wouldn't let him.

Murderer! Killer! He squeezed the words out shudderingly. There was revulsion for himself—for everything. He had escaped. But for how long? The knowledge of what he had done, the thing in him that had done it, the shame, the weakness—they had all come with him.

His inability to face problems, his immaturity—he hated it. He had disguised it under a big-man act as artificial as a glass eye; had locked it away inside him—and now it had burst out of its cell in one fit of passion and destroyed him. He thought of it as destroying himself — not Charlotte, whom he had killed. Self-pity—another weakness. And he had been drunk—another.

He tried to remember how many whiskies he had had. Five. Or was it four? Playing the big man in the clubhouse at San Raphael after his round of golf. "You ought to take it easy," Bill Kynoch had said. "That Corniche road is dangerous enough when you're sober!"

Bill knew he couldn't take his liquor. All his friends knew it. They knew a lot more than that, he thought bitterly. They knew he was a too-young twenty-three with a wife of thirty-two and a fortune of three million pounds, his late father's money.

Oh, yes, and they knew all about Charlotte, too—or had guessed it. That she had married him to get the money; that she was unfaithful, and that he could not handle her.

They knew all right. That Riviera set made it their business to know; they had nothing else to talk about.

"Poor little Roger," they probably said. "What he wants is a mother, not a wife!"

Maybe Charlotte had been like a mother to him—a vivacious, wonderful mother. His adoration of her had certainly had an almost mystical purity. He had known about the men, but he had kidded himself they were just dalliances.

He had developed a quizzical, patronizing attitude towards them—the quietly amused husband. The act had required him to play a lot of golf and gas himself with cigars. He took to drinking his Scotch neat, hating it.

So when Bill had said: "You ought to take it easy," Roger had laughed good-naturedly and ordered another double. The cool air had hit him when he had finally gone out to the car, and he had had a very dangerous drive home indeed.

He was still drunk when he arrived back at the villa. The lights were blazing and there was music coming through the french windows. A fully fledged party was in progress.

He had gone in and asked where Charlotte was. He had been given a funny look and was told she was on the terrace with Capitaine Guy Guignol. Roger knew the capitaine rather too well. He was one of Charlotte's regulars. Roger went out on to the terrace. There was no one about. A sudden suspicion flared inside him; he thought he heard someone moving on the beach below and hurried to the parapet and looked over.

In the light of the moon, immediately below him, he saw Charlotte reclining on the sand. Guignol was hurrying across the *plage* to her as if to some prearranged tryst. He threw himself down beside her and took her in his arms.

With the evidence of his eyes, Roger's self-delusions collapsed. His repressions, his mad jealousy, everything he had suppressed for the past two years, came out in one, blind, hating, drunken brainstorm.

Staring round, his eyes lit on one of the giant urns on the parapet. He put his shoulder to it and, wanting only to blot out what he had seen, heaved it over the edge, and watched it crash down on to them. In that instant Guignol moved back. The stone pot struck Charlotte squarely. It was hideous.

He hadn't waited. He had got up and run blindly away. He had gone for his car, but the chauffeur had already put it away. So he had blundered through the trees up on to the Nice road.

A truck had come along. It was going to St. Etienne de Tinée, and he had gone with it.

God, he must have been drunk. Mad. Crazy!

He sat up suddenly. A motor cycle was coming along the road. It turned on to the bridge. Its rider wore the pale blue uniform of a *carabiniere*. Roger crouched back among the scrub, but the policeman didn't look up. He took the corner slowly and sputtered off towards the village.

Roger watched him out of sight. They couldn't be looking for him already!

He heaved himself up from the ground. The valley was too sheer; he would have to use the road. It was a big risk, but it couldn't be helped. He climbed down on to the road and crossed the bridge. He felt unreal—utterly lost and unreal.

He stumbled along for an hour, and presently the valley opened out and there was another village, set on a hill. The road twisted up towards it.

Roger hesitated. Should he keep along the river or should he risk the village? If he didn't rest soon and have something to eat, he knew he would pass out. He was certain to be picked up.

There was, in reality, no choice. He began to climb.

The village turned out to be a single cobbled street flanked by picturesque hovels. Chickens and pigs rooted in the dust.

He walked cautiously along the empty street. There were chillies drying on the walls of the houses—splashes of scarlet against the greyness. A fat woman in a black dress came out on to a balcony and shook out a rush mat.

Suddenly a man came down the outside steps of one of the houses. He, too, wore the peasant black. He nodded at Roger; made as if to pass him. Roger braced himself. He spoke Italian moderately. "*Scusi*," he said.

The man stopped. "I pray you, signore?"

"Where may I find a café?" Roger had to repeat the question three times before the man understood him.

The man turned and shouted up to someone inside the house. A woman put her head out of the window. They spoke rapidly to each other in the Piedmontese dialect. The woman spread her hands, called out to someone across the street.

Suddenly there seemed to be people everywhere, arguing and gesticulating. Roger became embarrassed and apprehensive. He glanced round uneasily. More locals were coming up.

He turned suddenly and began to walk away.

"Signore!" A short, eager-faced man caught up with him; fell into step beside him. "What was it you wanted, signore?"

"Nothing," Roger said, quickening his step. "It doesn't matter."

"*Turista?* You wish to see the castle, maybe?"

"No. I just wanted a café. Somewhere to eat. Skip it."

"A café? We don't have a café here in Gissi, signore. But wait! I'll fix it for you. You come with me."

ROGER looked at him doubtfully. He was a swarthy, pug-faced little man with thick black eyebrows and anxious eyes. He seemed eager to help. Roger let himself be led past the castle. The peasant took him to an ordinary private house and pushed open the door.

"Come in."

"You don't understand——" Roger began.

"Rest assured. The signora here is registered with the great Automobile Association. She is permitted by law to cook meals for motorists. Come inside, signore. Sit down."

Roger went in. It was a plain room with a stone floor and two tables. It smelled of wine. He sat down. The relief was indescribable.

"Thank you," he said. "A thousand thanks."

He closed his eyes. A great weariness passed over him like a shadow. His thoughts lost their coherence.

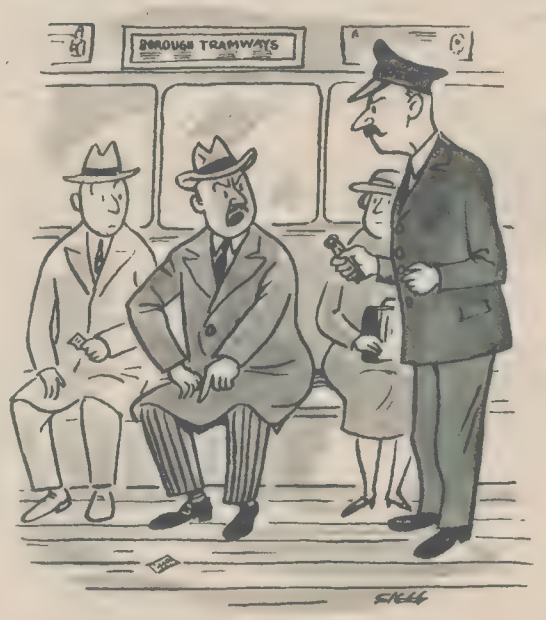
He was awakened by a strident female voice. A great jelly of a woman was reviling the peasant furiously, chopping the air with her hands and pointing to the door. Roger heard the little man say: "Be careful how you call me, woman. I am a friend of the *inglese*. If you turn me out he will come with me."

"Layabout! Lounger!" She suddenly saw that Roger was awake and

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



FOR years, Reginald Peat travelled happily on the trams of his city. Then, one day, he accepted his ticket as usual and, instead of absent-mindedly folding it into a boat, read the printed conditions on the back. He found that by taking the ticket he had accepted a condition limiting the tramway company's liability for injury to a passenger to £25, no matter how the injury was caused.

The next time he boarded a tram, Peat tendered his fare, but refused to touch the ticket. He folded his arms, glared at the conductor and growled: "I refuse to be bound by the conditions on that ticket."

The conductor argued feebly for a moment, then let the ticket flutter to the floor as he busied himself with other fares. At the next stop, a ticket inspector boarded the tram. Supported by a by-law which required every passenger to "show or deliver up his ticket" to him on demand, he began his round of the tram.

When he came to Peat he got a surprise. "That's my ticket on the floor," said Peat. "But I don't accept it. Nor shall I pick it up."

Loftily, the inspector pointed out that anyone refusing to show his ticket was liable to pay the fare for the journey he was making. "I've paid one fare," said Peat. "I'm not paying again."

"In that case, sir," said the inspector, "I shall report you, and you may be fined for breaking the by-law."

Sure enough, within a week or two Peat was summoned to court. It was alleged that he had failed to show or deliver up his ticket to the inspector, when asked, or pay the fare.

Peat said very strenuously that he had paid one fare, and that he had not refused to deliver up his ticket: he had pointed it out to the inspector.

To his annoyance, he was found guilty and fined five shillings. Convinced that a very important principle was involved, he appealed to one of the highest courts of law in the land.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 28

What brings Dick home so eagerly these days?
Husbandly and fatherly devotion of course. But if it hadn't been for Claudia telling me about tasty Batchelors Peas, it might have been a very different story . . .

The Eternal Triangle

BABY TOM WAS A GREAT SUCCESS — good as gold and never cried. But oh . . . he was exhausting! I simply couldn't cope with elaborate meals. Poor Dick suffered in silence — until, "I know it's not your fault, darling," he said one evening, "but I must have a square meal — look, I'll go to the place round the corner."

I rang Claudia, distraught. "Silly old thing!" she said. "Not learnt to manage a man yet? Filling meals needn't take long to prepare — not with Batchelors Peas about. Just try them tomorrow."

Claudia was right! I gave Dick the meal of his life. Croquettes, tomatoes, chips and tender Batchelors Peas. All prepared in a flash — Dick was ecstatic. Order some delicious Batchelors Peas for yourself today — you can get them in all sorts of can sizes.

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* *A nation-wide survey shows that of all women who named their favourite brand of peas, 4 out of every 6 preferred Batchelors.*

Batchelors

WONDERFUL PEAS ... they're always nicer

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Zubes are best for throat and chest. Zubes are best for throat and chest. Zubes are best for throat and chest.

"The jack? Is that the iron thing
I use to prop the garage door open?"

in Gissi, I guess this is the one!"

"But why should you help me?"

"I dunno. Maybe it's because I have good time in England."

"But did they say what I'd done? Supposing I was guilty?"

"I didn't hear what you did. But, cripes! No one ain't perfect, eh?"

Roger looked at him wonderingly. He was a coarse-looking man—a common peasant. He wondered how many of his own friends would have done such a thing for him.

"What will they do to you?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much. I'll tell 'em my brakes wouldn't work, that I was scared—anything. I know most of these boys."

Roger didn't know what to say. "I'm awfully grateful. Look here, you better drop me quick. . . ."

"That's all right. I'm going to Cuneo. I'll take you outside the town."

It was past noon when the *Volkswagen* pulled up on the main highway, two kilometres out of Cuneo. The town stood up ahead of them on a wedge-shaped elevation between two rivers, its towers gleaming like pastel strokes against the mountain masses beyond. Roger got out.

"I don't want to know what you aim to do, mate," the Italian said. "But if you're short of dough and maybe want a job, I got a brother who is *capo* for a public works contractor. I give you the address." He brought out a stub of pencil, wrote on the back of an envelope, and gave brief instructions how to get there. "That is the site where he works. Tell him Angelo sent you. Now don't thank me. Keep off the highways. Good luck!"

THEN he was off. There was traffic on the road. Roger slid quickly down the bank into some bushes, picked his way through them. He glanced at the envelope, put it in his pocket.

Work. He hadn't thought about that. If he wanted to eat, he either had to work or steal. He had never worked in his life. The thought of it scared him a little. Still, he would certainly have to do something. Nice of Angelo, he thought. Damned nice. There really were people, then, who did something for nothing.

Suddenly the bushes opened out, and he was standing on the bank of one of the rivers. The water had a wide, swollen look after the thaw. The sun gave it a milky appearance. He looked up and down the bank. No houses, no people.

He sat down; lifted his face to the sun. It felt wonderful, most peaceful. He lay back and closed his eyes. Almost at once he fell into a heavy sleep.

Angelo's brother was a thick, staring man in his forties, with bulging jaw muscles. He noted Roger's embarrassment, glanced at the amused faces of the men standing round.

"We're full up."

Roger had to raise his voice above the roar of the mechanical digger.

"Angelo sent me. He said you might be able to help."

"Angelo? He's mad. You a refugee or something?"

"No. A *turista*. I ran short of money."

"A *turista!*" The *capo* ran a hand over his mouth. "*Santa Maria!* You know you can't work without cards."

ROGER nodded wretchedly. He had slept until half-way through the night; tramped to the site before dawn. He was soaked to the waist from walking through the crops and he was hungry—sickeningly hungry.

"Angelo seemed to think you could fix it."

"If I did, what could you do? Show us the hands."

Roger held up his long, narrow palms for inspection.

The *capo* then held out his own. They were huge and square and split. The splits were deep and angry-looking. Roger drew in his breath.

"Not very pretty, eh? That's from working with concrete. You wouldn't want that to happen to those priest's paws of yours, would you?"

"I don't mind about my hands," Roger said. "I've got to have work. If I don't, I will starve."

The *capo* looked at him hard. "It's a change to see your type starving. When did you last eat?"

"Yesterday morning."

The Italian laughed. "You got a long way to go yet. Some of these men go hungry the day before pay-day every week. Still, maybe we could use you," he added. "You're kind of narrow. You could work in the pipes. I can fix it with the office, but I can't fix it with the boss. You'll have to work in the ditch. When you see a brother coming, wearing a gaberdine reach-me-down with a beaver collar, duck into the pipe and hide."

"Many, many thanks! I can start right away?"

"You want to eat, don't you? There's a shovel in the shed."

Roger fetched a shovel and got down into the trench. It was wide at the top, about twelve feet deep. The bottom of it was filled with water.

Roger stood in the icy water; looked at the men he was to work with. There were four of them down there—typical Italian workmen — dark-skinned, unshaven. Three of them wore forage-caps made of brown paper. They looked him up and down, amused.

"Good day," Roger said, blushing.

"*Ciao!*" the oldest one replied. He

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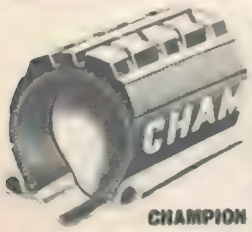

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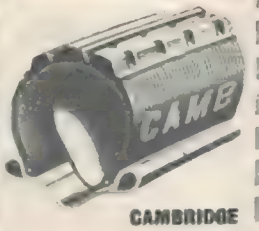

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"All right, all right, I'll remember to darn your socks"

had curly hair like a gipsy and a heavy black moustache. He looked at Roger's feet. "They should have given you boots."

He called up something to the *capo*. A few moments later a pair of rubber boots were flung at Roger's head.

Roger thanked the old man.

"I pray you," the gipsy said. "How do you call yourself?"

"Ruggero."

"Me—I am called Zingaro," the old man told him.

"*Ciao*. What do I do?"

"When the machine has sucked away the water, the other machine will dig. We clean up where it digs, and put down concrete. Then we lay the pipes. I will show you."

ROGER worked in the trench all day. It was filthy, killing work. Water seeped in through the sides all the time and formed a black mud on the bottom. Each time the mechanical digger swung out its heavy skip to scoop in the earth, it drenched them with it. Everything they touched was caked in mud.

When the digger had lengthened the trench sufficiently, they put down two feet of dry concrete and then a six-foot pipe. The pipes were lowered by crane, and there was a lot of shouting and dodging about because the crane had a faulty clutch and was liable to kill somebody. Then there was the bolstering up and stamping down of the pipe until it was level and, finally, the sealing. Wet cement was poured into the hole of the collar of each pipe, and Roger had to get down on his belly in the mud and crawl inside to see the cement wasn't leaking down through the bitumen.

It was like a nightmare in the cramped throat of the pipe, with the slobber of cement in the darkness and the clack-clack of the idling digger engine shuddering the ground, the slow splut of the pumps inhaling and spewing—and all the time the critical, half-disgusted eyes of the men watching his finicky movements.

This is my sentence, Roger thought again and again. This is how I must pay for my crime. I must do this to live, and presently I shall move on and do it again somewhere else, always wondering about my next meal and where I shall sleep and whether the police are on to me.

There was despair in his eyes. The gipsy saw it; helped him when he could.

At dinner-time there was coffee. Seeing that he had nothing to eat, Zingaro made him take half his loaf and cheese. The bread was made from chestnut flour. Roger ate it ravenously.

"You are fixed up for a bed?" the gipsy asked him.

"Not yet," Roger said, chewing. "I am without money."

"That is normal. Most of the men here sleep at the hostel. Cubicles. You wouldn't like it. It is no use pretending to be what you are not. If I can be of service. . . . I have the use of a barn. It is dry and filled with corn husks."

"You live in a barn?" Roger said. "You have no home?"

"I am sixty-six and I have never had a home. There are many like me. We travel from place to place to find work. It is not always easy to find anywhere so comfortable to sleep in as a barn. We are the true workers, Ruggero. We work all day and at night we sleep, and there is no more than that. On Sundays maybe we get drunk. It is said that you do not have people like us in your country, Ruggero; that every man has an automobile. Is it so?"

"I—I don't know. In America, perhaps. Possibly there are many workmen who own cars in England, too," Roger said.

Zingaro sighed. "It is a country I should like to see."

THAT night, Roger slept in Zingaro's barn. It adjoined a small farmhouse which stood like an up-ended matchbox on the chequer-board plain. The *capo* had fixed with the timekeeper to give him an advance of pay. With it he bought eggs and bread from the farmer. Zingaro cooked their meal against the outside of the stone barn. Soon afterwards they turned in. Roger was exhausted, but he slept badly. The crackling corn husks were seething with tiny life, and a sad, heavy rain rattled on the roof all night long.

The next morning at the site they found the men standing dismally around the flooded trench. There was mud everywhere. The digger wouldn't start.

Everything went wrong. Roger was feeling stiff and ill. His palms were a mass of blisters. He hadn't shaved or cleaned his teeth for three days. He

couldn't go on like this for much longer, he knew.

At last the pumps had sucked out the water. Roger, Zingaro and the others climbed down into the shiny new mud and slowly began to work. "I don't like it," the gipsy said, looking at the side. "The machine has dug them too straight. With all this rain they will come down." He called up to the *capo*. "You should shut the crane engine, Arnoldo. It is shaking the sides."

"Who's running this job?" the *capo* said.

"Who's doing it—I ask you that?"

The *capo* did not say anything. Presently the crane engine was stopped. The men on the barrow-run began to tip the dry concrete into the trench. Roger and the others started levelling it out. The crane engine was started up again for lowering the first pipe.

"I tell you, shut the engine," Zingaro called up. "You can lower the pipe by hand."

"And I tell you, shut the trap and get on with your work," the *capo* said. "We have a time schedule."

"There are things more important than time schedules," muttered the gipsy.

Zingaro and Roger bedded the pipe; eased it into its collar with crowbars; ran out the straight edge on to the guide-peg and checked it with a spirit-level. One of the men made a clay funnel round the hole on top of the pipe collar and began to pour in the sealing cement.

"Check it from inside, *caro*," the gipsy said.

Roger lay down flat and wriggled into the pipe. He sucked in his belly to let the light past him so he could watch the join.

"Okay, pour!" he shouted.

"Pour!" Zingaro repeated. He was crouching down looking into the pipe.

Roger heard the wet slop of the cement running into and round the collar. He twisted round to see if it were seeping through the joint.

SUDDENLY he heard a shout outside. Something hit the pipe hard and shifted it, jarring him. There was a muffled tumbling sound and then darkness—utter darkness.

There was an instant of bewilderment; then he knew. The side had collapsed! He was buried—buried under tons of earth, in the eighteen-inch pipe. Everything had become terribly silent. Not a sound but the thump of his own heart. It seemed to fill the narrow space like thunder. Air! he thought. I shall suffocate! Panic filled his mind.

He got a grip on himself. It was fifty yards back to the last manhole. The manhole was sealed, but there would be fifty yards of air. Don't struggle, he told himself. Lie still and wait for them to dig you out. They must be already starting to dig. It was the darkness that was so unspeakable.

Suddenly he felt something clutch his ankle. A cry of terror squeezed from his throat. The thing gripped him convulsively; dragged at him. With a thrill of horror he knew it was Zingaro. He was buried outside the mouth of the pipe!

He reached back for the hand that held him, but the pipe was too narrow. He braced himself against the sides and tried to draw in his leg. He wasn't strong enough. Both of Zingaro's hands were gripping his ankle now. He had to get purchase.

He clawed at the smooth concrete. His nails turned over. He felt suddenly sick. Then he found the join. With the shifting of the pipe, the joint had opened up. He slotted his fingers into the crack and heaved. Harder. God, I am so weak, he thought. A man was suffocating, and he was so puny he could not save him. The deep disgust he felt for himself goaded him to desperate strength. He strained every muscle; felt the weight on his ankle shift; shift again. The hands groped higher up his leg. If he could only hold himself firm, Zingaro could pull himself into the pipe.

The groan of his breath roared back

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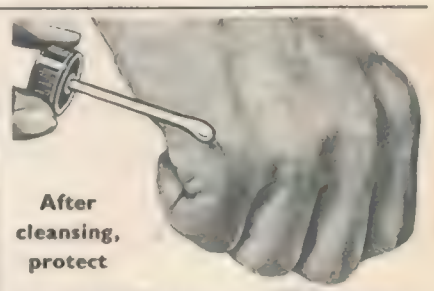

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at him from the concrete sides, clamoured away down the drain, echoing back from the stopper at the far end. The clutching hands reached his calf—and still he was holding firm. "God, help me!" he breathed.

Suddenly he heard Zingaro's breath. It was like an explosion. It sawed desperately as he dragged the air into his lungs; went on sawing and sawing.

"Thank heaven!" Roger panted. "Are you all right?"

He repeated the question, but could get no reply. At last, Zingaro had enough breath to gasp out: "All right now—all right like this—presently they —will dig us out."

It took the others half an hour to reach them. They lifted the old gipsy, covered in mud, out of the trench and carried him to the hut. The weight of the earth had broken his leg.

Roger slithered out of the pipe and lent them a hand. One or two of the men slapped him on the shoulder and grinned. They seemed friendly suddenly. They crowded round the hut, all talking at once.

When he was sitting down, Zingaro reached up and grasped Roger's hand.

"You saved my life, *caro*," he panted. "I pulled very hard and you did not give. He did not give," he explained to everybody.

"Bravo!" the men said. There were more slaps and grins for Roger.

"Amico!" Zingaro said, still gripping Roger's hand. There were tears in his eyes. *"Mio caro amico!"*

The following day was Sunday. Roger borrowed a razor from the farmer, cleaned himself up as much as possible. He walked into Cuneo to the hospital. To hell with the police, he thought. He found the old man in a long, airy ward with a good view of the mountains.

Zingaro greeted him shyly. Roger sat on the bed and talked with him. But the old man seemed awkward towards him. He called him "signore." Roger couldn't understand what had happened. When he asked him outright, Zingaro reached under the bedclothes and brought out a paper.

He pointed out a paragraph, and Roger took it from him, his hand suddenly trembling.

There was a reproduction of his own passport photo. The paragraph was headed: "WIFE DIES: MILLIONAIRE VANISHES."

He read on swiftly: "The French Riviera Police have requested the Italian Police to aid them in their search for Mr. Roger Sherrard, the young British millionaire, who disappeared from his villa at Cap d'Antibes on Wednesday night. His disappearance . . . believed to be the result of the tragic accident which befell his wife, Charlotte, on the same night, when in the darkness she fell forty feet to her death, from a bedroom balcony on to the villa's private *plage*. . . ."

They're mad! Roger thought. Stark, staring mad. "Coroner's inquest. . . ." His eye raced over the details: ". . . dinner party . . . evidence given by Capitaine Guy Guignol, the celebrated racing driver, whose engagement to Mlle . . ."—he had never heard of the woman—"was announced in this paper yesterday."

He read the evidence more slowly. "'I was talking to Mrs. Sherrard on the villa terrace,' the Capitaine testified. 'She seemed very upset about something. Suddenly she turned and ran from me. I started to follow her. She ran up to her room and through to the balcony. In the darkness she seemed to stumble in her high heels. She fell against the parapet and plunged over the top. I immediately made my way down on to the beach. When I got to her she was dead.'"

Oh, was she! Roger thought. How did he explain what happened then? He read on: "'. . . Her fall had apparently dislodged a heavy stone urn on the parapet of the terrace below. It rolled off as I was examining her and struck her, narrowly missing me.'"

He skimmed over the next bit. Ah! "Coroner's verdict . . . death by misadventure."

It was nonsense! Unmitigated nonsense.

What was Guignol trying to do —cover up for him? Why should he, though? There had been no love lost between them.

He read the passage again: ". . . celebrated racing driver, whose engagement. . . ." He stopped, suddenly, struck by a thought. Charlotte might have been in love with Guignol. What if he had announced his intention of marrying someone else, that night on the terrace? Wouldn't Charlotte have done just that—thrown one of her tantrums? Those steps were dangerous

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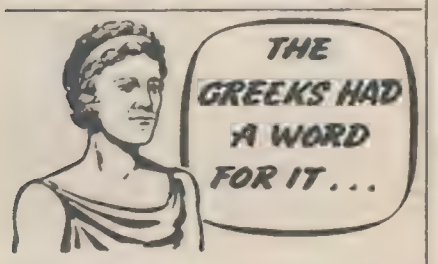

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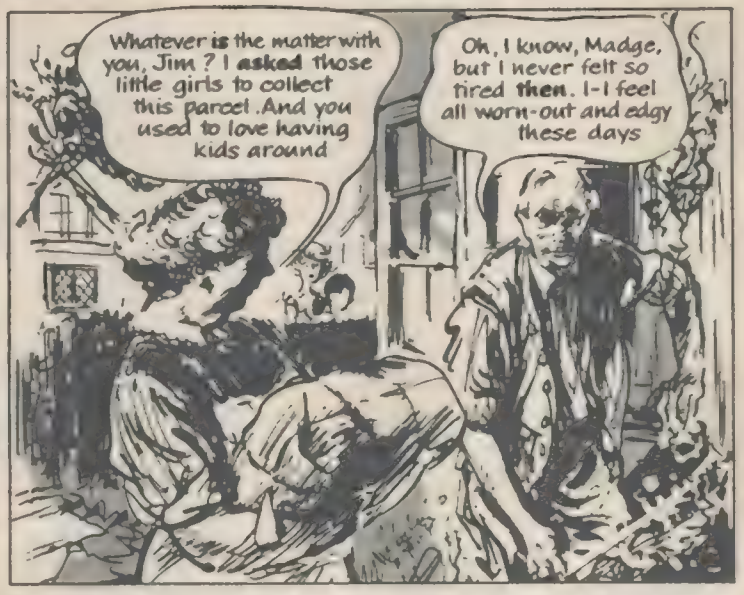
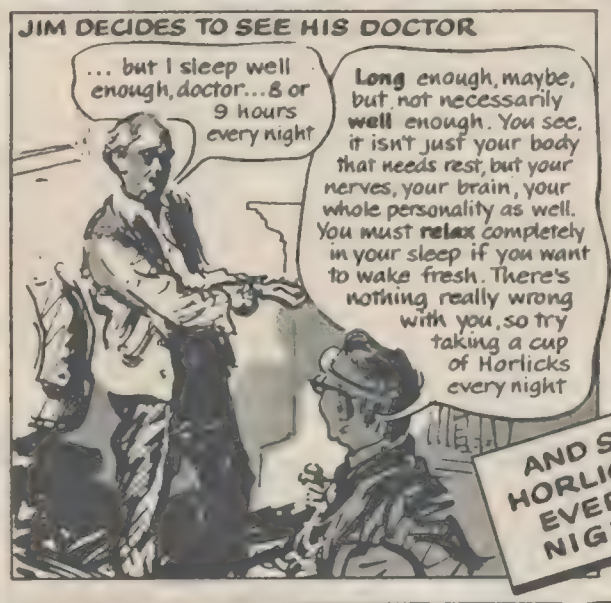

Whatever is the matter with you, Jim? I asked those little girls to collect this parcel. And you used to love having kids around
Oh, I know, Madge, but I never felt so tired then. I-I feel all worn-out and edgy these days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Long enough, maybe, but not necessarily well enough. You see, it isn't just your body that needs rest, but your nerves, your brain, your whole personality as well. You must relax completely in your sleep if you want to wake fresh. There's nothing really wrong with you, so try taking a cup of Horlicks every night
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in the dark. The easiest thing in the world. . . . Then she would have been dead when. . . . It was fantastic.

With a conviction growing inside him that he dared not contemplate, he read on:

"It was at first feared that Mr. Sherrard, learning in some way of his wife's death, had thrown himself into the sea in a fit of grief. The police are now inclined towards the belief, however, that he may have crossed the border into Italy and be suffering from loss of memory. Any information. . . ."

Roger crackled the paper together in his hands. "I can't believe it!" he cried aloud. "It all seems like a miracle."

"What does it mean?" Zingaro asked him.

"It means—it means reprieve! That I'm free! *Amico*, I could hug you!" He began to talk very quickly, half to himself. "I must go to the police. Tell them who I am. They will send me back to Nice. I must straighten out this business. . . ."

"You are leaving then?" the gipsy said dully. "You are not coming back?"

Roger looked at him. The old man had shown him kindness. He was fond of him.

"Listen," he said. "How would you like to have your wish and see England? Come back with me. You wouldn't have to work."

The old man stared at him. He slowly shook his head: "No, Ruggero. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. I am of this country. Here I shall die. I don't think perhaps that money would take kindly to me after so long an absence. With you it is different. Your back is not yet bent into the position of work. You will fall easily back into your old way of life. Your friends. . . ."

What friends? Roger thought sadly. I never had one worth a damn in my life. And the life itself. That! It wouldn't be the same without Charlotte, anyway. Whether he were innocent or guilty—she was just as dead. And *was* he innocent? The thought was like a sharp stab within him. Whatever the causes of his passion, and whatever the results—even if she had never died at all—in that instant he had desired her dead. He had believed he was killing her.

SUDDENLY, overwhelmingly, he knew what he must do. He must serve his sentence out to the end. He must labour and make things with his hands; gain his own place in the world. A man's true worth was not recognized by what he had, but by what he could do. It would be hard and rough; but he was young. He knew that the respect of one man like Zingaro was worth the easy salutations of fifty of those other friends.

"Old man," he said. "Listen to me carefully. I am going to Nice, but I am coming back. I will come and find you and we will go out on the road together and work. Do you understand? We will do many different jobs and at night we shall sleep where we can and on Sundays maybe we shall get drunk. How does that sound?"

The old man regarded him doubtfully. "But Ruggero—you mean it? That you will come back? Truly?"

"Truly."

The gipsy's face lit up. "But that is a wonderful thing. A most strange and wonderful thing." He began to speak so fast that Roger had difficulty in understanding him. "They have promised to pay me a compensation for this leg. Half of it is rightfully yours. With this money we will work south down through the Chianti country, through Firenze and Sienna to Lake Trasimeno, where——"

"Hey! Hey! Steady!" laughed Roger. "I can't keep up, you're walking so fast!"

They laughed, slapping each other's shoulders. Some of the patients looked round and smiled. The two men presented a startling contrast, but they must have had much in common, for plainly they were good friends, very good friends. THE END

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THE STRANGE LAND

IT IS the story of Philip Latham, an English smuggler turned missionary. Latham is waiting at Tangier for a yacht to land in a high gale—a yacht sailed by a Czech named Kavan, who is coming out to Morocco as his mission doctor. Mysteriously, two other people are also expecting him. One is Kostos, a Greek racketeer. The other is a girl, Karen—who says she is Kavan's wife. . . .

The yacht breaks up on the rocks, and an unconscious man is dragged ashore. Kavan—if it *is* Kavan—is a problem. He is a wanted man. He is terribly afraid of something. And there is another reason why he has come to Morocco—a reason that changes the course of Latham's life, and takes them both over the Atlas Mountains into a desolate land of danger, among hostile Berber tribesmen.

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IN JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 27

THE GOLDEN FOOL

Continued from page 21

they were gone—your horse and mine. They had not broken the reins. He looked for me, but I was not at the wagon, and that's why he was long finding me. It was an hour ago."

François Malan asked: "Who would steal horses here?"

"Stopford," answered Jonathan with certainty. "Stopford and Lisette."

François shrugged his shoulders. "Where would they go?"

"September said the tracks went up the road."

"Then they've gone back to the farm," said François.

"What does it matter where they've gone?" asked Jonathan angrily. "Let us find Prinsloo—and the dominie." He went hotly forward and the others followed him.

Prinsloo was at the wagon tail. Without preamble Jonathan said: "What is the law if a man steals your horse?"

Prinsloo looked at him mildly. "You know the answer to that as well as I do. What horse has been stolen?"

"Mine—mine and François's: Stopford has stolen them."

LEMAIRE was talking to a group a little distance away. Prinsloo called him and, as he came, shouted the news.

Jonathan, as his father reached them, said in a voice of fury: "I ask my rights!"

Lemaire answered with weary contempt: "You have no rights. The horse was mine."

Jonathan looked at him, his face suffused with red, an extraordinary tension in the whole shape of his body.

Lemaire turned and walked away, and behind him he heard Jonathan begin: "Then François. . . ." He went back to the group from which he had been called. The father of François Malan was there. To him he said: "One of the horses that were stolen was that which Jonathan used. It was mine. The other was your son's. Will you sell him to me?"

"There is no need," replied Malan, with a shrug. "We will get him again when they have finished with him."

"No," said Lemaire. "This is a matter of horse theft. Jonathan and the young men will follow them."

"And horse thieves have been shot," said Malan, his face alight with a sudden understanding. "I will sell. He was not salted and he was weak in the hindquarters. You can have him for three pounds."

Lemaire put out his hand to clinch the bargain, then went back to Prinsloo. Jonathan and François were still there. He saw Celliers coming in the distance. Prinsloo turned to him, and Lemaire said: "This is ended. Both the horses are mine."

"This," exclaimed Jonathan, almost beside himself with anger, "is not ended." He broke away from the group, and François followed him, and they could hear his voice calling at the far side of the outspan.

Celliers came up. "I have heard," he said. "It is better this way."

Behind them somebody said: "If it were my daughter. . . ."

Lemaire turned on him fiercely. "It is not your daughter! It is my daughter and they are my horses. There is nothing in this for the law. It is for you"—he looked squarely at Prinsloo—"to make that clear."

Prinsloo nodded slowly. "None the less, with the law or without it, if they mean to follow them, they will follow. That I cannot stop."

"It will be best," said Lemaire heavily, "if I follow them myself." He felt with a sense of outrage that he was in the grip of events that had passed outside his control.

Prinsloo said: "I will come with you."

"No, Andries and I will go. There is no need for others."

* * *

There was a stormy knot about Jonathan. In the centre of it, Jacobus Bezuidenhout towered, shouting everybody down. He was in a high anger. "And will you let an Englishman take our women like this?"

A voice from the far side of the crowd asked: "What does it matter? Would you have her now?"

"Not now, but still the Englishman must be taught that he cannot take what he wants."

There was a howl of agreement.

Jonathan, silent in the midst of the turmoil, felt the rising temperature of the young men's anger with a sense of power. He had regained his control, re-established his ability to stir them, to drive them, to make them move where he willed.

All the undefined, indefinable hatred of the Englishman had come to the top again.

HE let them talk until at last they appealed to him directly for guidance, as he had known they must. Then he said quietly, rationally: "They have a long start. It was midnight when I went back to the wagon. They were gone then. If they headed for the farm they would be there already. They would get fresh horses. Before we could catch up with them they would be in Potchefstroom."

"What then?"

"They may not have gone to Potchefstroom."

"Where then?"

"North, perhaps, or down to the low country."

"Then," said Bezuidenhout savagely, "let us follow!"

"I have no horse," Jonathan reminded him.

"You can have mine." Bezuidenhout's offer was instant. "I will ride the chestnut. Who else comes?"

"There is no need for anyone else," replied Jonathan.

"It is necessary for me," said François. "Will you lend me a horse, Piet?" He turned to a cousin.

"It is lawful to shoot a horse thief," said Bezuidenhout thunderously.

Behind them they heard a cold voice say: "It is not lawful when there is no theft." Prinsloo and the dominie had come up. The young men turned, and at once their eyes went back to Jonathan.

Prinsloo strode into the middle of the group.

"What is this noise and this nonsense?" he demanded.

Bezuidenhout glowered at him. "This is not nonsense. It is this—that if the old men cannot keep order, cannot protect our horses and our women, then the young men must do it for them."

"I do not want to hear you," said Prinsloo. "You are a fool, Jacobus. Jonathan, what are you doing now?"

"I am going after them," replied

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Jonathan evenly. "It was my horse. If my father will do nothing, I must."

"Your father will do that which is right. I forbid you to go!"

"You cannot forbid me," said Jonathan shortly. "The veld is open. We asked you to stop this thing a long while ago and you have done nothing. Now it is our turn."

Celliers, in the momentary silence, said: "It is a Commandment that thou shalt not kill. I can feel murder here."

With the same brutal quietness in his voice Jonathan said: "You old men have done nothing. Now we young men must take up the matter."

Celliers turned squarely to him. "You, Jonathan, are everything in this. It began through you and it has continued through you. You have made the women into what they were last night, and you have corrupted these fools." He looked scornfully round the group of young men. "And now you are plotting murder in your hearts. I call down the judgment of God upon you!" His voice suddenly took on a tremendous power, a note of deep, unshakable conviction. "'When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.'"

Jonathan met his eyes steadily. "That shall be as God shall decide. I do not take your word for God's."

Celliers made a quick gesture of despair. Then he turned to the others. "Go back to your fathers," he ordered. "This is sin, mortal sin, and if you have part in it you will come under the same curse as Jonathan—not my curse, but God's curse. I am your pastor. Now go before it is too late!"

Jonathan said wearily: "Go if you want to. There is nothing to stay for here."

A voice said: "Jonathan, your father is riding out."

Again the crowd turned as one man, and they saw Lemaire and Andries riding between the wagons to the road.

Bezuidenhout began to shout for his boys. It took twenty minutes to get the horses. Bezuidenhout, blundering with fresh powder and food, delayed them another five minutes. Prinsloo and Celliers had left them and only three of the young men stood by to watch them go. They rode off in the end led by Jonathan, quietly, at the pace of men who have a long way to go. Up the slope from them as they came into the track they saw a wagon and beyond it, almost at the crest of the pass, another.

"Curse the wagons!" exclaimed Bezuidenhout. "They will wipe out the spoor."

"It doesn't matter," answered Jonathan softly. "We will find it again."

"What do we do?" asked François.

"We go first to Jangroentjies," said Jonathan, "by the short way."

"And if the Englishman has camped at the half-way stream . . ." began Bezuidenhout.

"Would you outspan at the half-way?" The contempt in Jonathan's voice was clear.

"But this is an Englishman," protested Bezuidenhout.

"Maybe, but this is not a fool," said Jonathan.

LEMAIRE, at the summit of the pass, halted his horse and waited for Andries to draw alongside him. They could see over the long, slow falling away of the ground to the north and up the rise beyond that to the next distant whaleback. On the wagon-track there was a group of cattle that must have started in the night, and beyond that a wagon, and beyond that again a smaller group of cattle.

Slowly, as if he were thinking aloud, Lemaire said: "There is no purpose in looking for the spoor. The wagons and the cattle will have destroyed it. We will go by the short path to Jangroentjies."

"And Jonathan?"

"He, too, I think, will ride to Jangroentjies."

Lemaire prodded his horse into movement again and they rode on.

As they went, Andries asked: "Why are you sure that Jonathan will go to Jangroentjies?"

"Because he will read Stopford's mind with his own. That is what he would do himself—ride through Jangroentjies to Potchefstroom and register the find."

"And will Anthony do that?" Andries asked.

"No," said Lemaire again. "I do not think so, but I could wish that he had left word for me."

They went on in silence, Lemaire looking always to the front, but after an hour Andries, turning in his saddle, said, matching his father's even tone: "They come now." Lemaire made no movement, and Andries added: "Three of them only."

"Ah!" murmured Lemaire.

THE immense and empty valley sloped very slowly towards the north. It was so wide that the ridges that formed it on either hand were no more than swells of earth against the sky, and ahead of them the horizon had a shallow curving that seemed to bank itself against other depths beyond.

Stopford and Lisette rode steadily, the two horses very close together so that their riders' legs brushed at times against each other, and in that vastness they looked very small, alone, cut off from man's world. In all the shallow slopes there was no sign of man. There was no road here, no track even. Twice, as they came to the margins of a dried-out stream, there were game paths, beginning where the water lay in the deep pools and vanishing slowly, without meaning, in the empty veld. The grass lay sere on the baked ground: the game had trekked.

At noon they came to the stream again and followed it down until they found another pool, and by the pool they halted. Lisette came from the saddle into Stopford's arms, and they clung together for a moment. She had a softness and a warmth that were unlike anything that he had known before, a quality not of passion but rather of innocence, and he held her, savouring it. When he let her go, she began at once, methodically and with knowledge, on the preparation of a meal.

He said, looking down at her as he took the saddles off the horses: "I don't like the look of the water, but we'll have to drink it as it is. We mustn't light a fire yet." And she agreed.

For a little they were silent, and then Stopford spoke again.

"If they didn't discover that the horses were gone until dawn, and they started at once when they discovered it, how soon could they be at Jangroentjies?" he asked.

"Riding fast, by three o'clock perhaps."

"They will ride fast," he said, and looked reflectively at the horses. "Your father will not ride because of the gold—he knows my mind now. Do you think he will ride because of you, Lisette?"

She looked up at him wonderingly. "No, he wouldn't do that. He would know why we had to go."

"Because of the women?" he asked, half jealously.

"No, because of you—because he would understand how I feel about you."

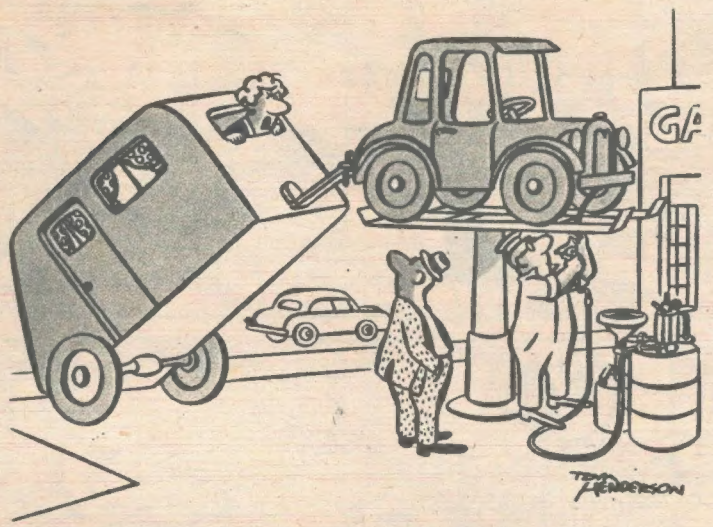
"Perhaps you're right," he said somewhat doubtfully.

* * *

In the hot middle of the afternoon, Lemaire and Andries rode down the last slope above the farm. Jonathan and the young men were three miles behind.

The farm was quiet, but the head boy came out from the shadows as they approached.

Lemaire said: "Has Baas Stopford been here?" and the boy answered with a wondering shake of the head. "Good!" exclaimed Lemaire softly, and to Andries he said: "Saddle Blesbok and Lady, put the pack-saddles on these: drive the other horses into the veld and scatter them." He turned again to the head boy. "Baas Jonathan is not to have horses now or at any time. Do you understand?" Then he strode, without haste but



". . . Just when I have the furniture and everything all straightened up!"

without waste of time, into the house, not looking back.

Jonathan halted a mile from the house and François Malan came forward. By the time he reached the farm, Lemaire was out again. He waited in silence for the boy to come up.

From the saddle, Malan said, a faint insolence in his tone: "Is my horse here?"

"You have no horse," replied Lemaire evenly, "but the horse you seek is not here, nor do I wish you to be here. You will go now and you will take this message to Jonathan. You will tell him that three months ago I gave him a warning in the veld behind where he waits. Tell him that he is very close to it now."

"To what?" asked Malan involuntarily.

"He will know." Lemaire's voice was very grim. He stood watching the boy as he rode back to the two who waited. Something in the set of his shoulders seemed to indicate doubt, perhaps even the beginning of defeat.

Andries asked, after a moment: "What now?"

"They followed us," said Lemaire firmly, "now we will follow them, and we have the fresh horses. They will not go far tonight."

"What will they do?"

"Cast back and find the spoor," answered Lemaire. "Find the place where it turns from the wagon-track."

The pack-saddles were filled with the food and ammunition that Lemaire had called for. He picked up his gun, dropped it into the gun-bucket beside the saddle and mounted. "Come!" he said, and rode up the track behind them.

On the skyline the three natives were like a sculptured group. The man stood motionless with his assegai swung a little away from the line of his body and the foot of his shield resting against the ground. The boy crouched beside him, very still, and the woman sat in front. They made no move as Stopford and the girl rode along the track towards them; only when they were level with them the man raised one arm and said in a deep, reverberating voice: "*'Nkoos.*"

Stopford, raising his own hand, said awkwardly: "Good evening." They went past, not slackening their pace.

When they were out of sight, Stopford reined in his horse and put his hand on Lisette's. "If Jonathan sees them, they will tell him, but that we cannot guard against. The veld is very wide. Others must have seen us."

He looked at her gravely, and when she smiled at him he wondered how it was that she could be happy, having given up her home and her possessions, her father—having gone through shock and disaster for him. "What is it that makes you so certain, Lisette?" he asked.

"Women are certain, but they do not know what makes them so. I can't explain anything—I don't want to. It's enough that I am happy now, and I think that you are happy."

"Yes," he said slowly, weighing his declaration, "yes, I'm happy."

"Then," she went back to the opening sentence, "nothing matters." She was quiet for a while, then she said: "I have not forgotten about the women. It is just that it doesn't hurt me now."

They rode on again. Always the land seemed to trend down. There were no ridges across their path, only a succession of shallow, almost imperceptible diminishments towards the north-east. In places, here, there had been rain and there was young grass, and they paused as long as they dared while the horses grazed, but it was the rain of the inconsequent thunderstorms only. The land as a whole was still in the grip of the drought. Twice now they had found dead beasts with the vultures about them like an obscene coronet. There was still no game.

* * *

On the edge of dusk, Jonathan, Bezuidenhout and Malan rode down the last slope to the half-way outspan. There was no one there. They had found no trace of the spoor yet.

As they approached the pool, Bezuidenhout said: "It's too late now to see if they have turned to the south."

"It doesn't matter," said Jonathan roughly. "If they're heading for Winburg we can still catch them. If they've gone to the north, then time doesn't count. The Englishman will not know that."

"And your father?" They had stopped at the thorn trees and behind them they could hear, very faint and far away, the hoof-falls of Lemaire's horses.

"He will follow us," replied Jonathan, with a flat conviction, "and he has the fresh horses."

"What, then, do we do?" demanded Malan.

"Wait," said Jonathan brusquely. "Something will happen. Off saddle!"

They watered their horses. Jonathan stood by his own as Lemaire and Andries came, moving with a strange, quiet rhythm in the half-darkness, and slipped the pack-saddles off the led horses fifty yards away at the second pool.

Bezuidenhout said bitterly: "They will watch us all the night."

"Yes," agreed Jonathan, "they will watch us."

They slept after long argument beside the dying fire; and in the morning, Jonathan, waking, saw his father sitting with his back against the bole of a tree and his eyes towards them, and he shivered with a sudden apprehension.

For an hour after sunrise the three men searched over the track that turned south-east towards the Free State. They found nothing. When

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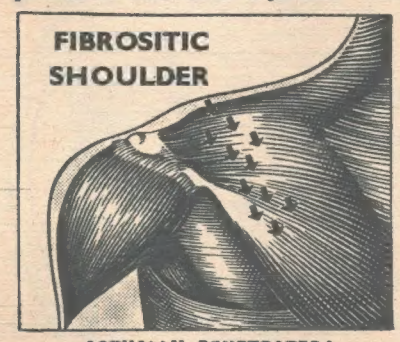

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

they came back, Lemaire was still sitting against the tree.

As they walked past, Bezuidenhout said sardonically: "Good morning."

Lemaire's voice was polite and without emphasis as he answered: "Good morning."

When they were out of earshot, Malan said: "Will he watch us always?" and there was a flash of nervous irritation in his voice.

"Yes," replied Jonathan curtly, "always."

They rode up the far side of the valley with their heads bent, scanning the dust as they rode.

STOPFORD was aware that his arm was dead. There was no feeling in his fingers—he could not tell even that they existed. Fondly, he bent down and kissed Lisette on the temple.

When he had made coffee, he turned to wake her, and saw that her eyes were open and that she was watching him. Happily he said: "Lazy!"

She disregarded the word. "It's good to watch somebody you love when—" —she hesitated an instant—"when he doesn't know you're watching."

She moved to get up, and Stopford said quickly: "Stay there! You shall have breakfast in bed. That is the very top point of luxury."

She smiled back at him wordlessly. He felt suddenly happy and silly, as if there were no haste, no danger. The sky was taking on a morning blue above them. The air was fresh, crisp and very lovely. The space about them was open and endless. There was no harm in the morning world.

When they had eaten, when Lisette had smoothed her dress and the horses were saddled, they set off again. They rode on down the very slow, almost imperceptible slope of the grasslands until the sun hit them full out of the east, and they watched it leaping up over the clean edge of the world, flooding the plains with light, changing the dry grass from silver and umber to a dull, uniform yellow.

Still they rode on and on towards the north-east, the sun in their eyes and the world empty beneath it except for themselves. But the mood of happiness did not change.

* * *

All through the morning Lemaire and Andries followed Jonathan and his companions. They had fanned out early, one man on the track itself, the other two wide of it to either side. They moved slowly, carefully, studying every soft patch. They were all three of them hunters, old with experience of tracking game. Eventually they would find the hoofmarks they sought. Lemaire knew that. All the time now he had in him a deep sense of foreboding. At the end of this there was tragedy, and he could not see the shape of it. There was death, but he could not see who was to die. He could only follow.

It was Bezuidenhout who found the trail. Between the road and the long sheets of rock to which Lisette had trusted there was a brief shallow pool of dust—not enough to notice in the darkness, more than enough to betray them in the day. Lemaire drew himself upright painfully as he heard the shout and saw the others turn from the track and from the veld beyond it and ride fast towards the beckoning man. For a little while they stood in a close group, studying it; and then they moved over towards the long, flat surface of the rock, and Lemaire felt his heart grip him.

Andries turned to his father. "They've found it."

"Yes. It was Lisette," said Lemaire like a man talking in his sleep, his face very full of pity. "She knew of the rock, she would have chosen it, but it was no use—no use."

The three men were moving faster now along the surface of the rock. They seemed hardly to be looking for spoor now, as if they had made up their minds already, as if they knew where the hoofprints would break away from the unrevealing surface and show themselves on the ground again. They picked their way swiftly but carefully over the long, even stretch towards its ending, and almost at the very point they turned off it and stopped for a moment.

Lemaire heard another shout and then they were riding fast towards the shallow skyline. Pushing his heel against his horse's flank, Lemaire began to ride after them.

THEY did not stop at midday for a meal, but went on with the slow, remorseless tripple that eats up the miles, and the land began to fall away from them in a long, slow series of shallow valleys. Late in the afternoon they saw Jonathan turn suddenly from the line of their advance, and beyond him they picked out the thin smoke of a fire and saw that beyond it there were three natives. They were too far away to hear the shout, but they saw one of the natives run swiftly towards the horseman. Then Jonathan wheeled and went back to the others.

Lemaire reined his horse over towards the fire in turn, and the man stood waiting his coming with a reluctant patience. Lemaire framed his questions simply. When he had taken his answer he said to Andries. "They passed them in the evening. They will have camped at the next river. They are a day's march ahead."

* * *

The ground had been soft at one time from a fall of rain. It was marked with the prints of hundreds of hooves, thousands perhaps—the prints of great herds of cattle that had been driven

over these low saddles towards the north-east.

Lisette said: "It's the trek path." It seemed from her voice as if she found some necessary promise of safety in it, some justification of their plans. "All we have to do now is to follow it."

"You were frightened?" Stopford's voice was gentle in inquiry.

"No," she answered, after a moment's thought, "not frightened, only I wondered how long it would be."

"And now we're here!" he said, half mocking.

She smiled serenely. "Over the rise there will be a long slope, and at the bottom will be Pienaars' River—at least, that's what I think it's called." He looked at her with his eyebrows high. "We came this way once when I was little," she explained. "I was ten, I think—but this I remember."

The mockery went out of his voice. "That's very wonderful. Now we can make plans."

They moved over the skyline and looked down the endless miles of yellow grass, and as they halted for a while to breathe their horses, she said: "Over the other side are the Springbok Flats. There's nothing there but grass and emptiness."

At noon they camped, while Stopford made a reckless, generous fire. "It's time for a false trail," he explained. "If they have found our spoor they could run us down here in the open."

"What will we do then?"

"Cross the river,"—he looked out over the dry sand of the bed—"leave our prints there, and then go on along the trek-path until we find a place where the ground is hard enough to show nothing, and ride off to the east. When we are far enough away, or when there is a valley that will shelter us, we'll go north again."

She considered this soberly for a minute or two and said at the end: "Yes, it's a good plan." Then she suddenly lifted her hands to him and added: "But if it were a bad plan, I don't think that I could tell you, my Tooni."

He shook her hands. "If it's a bad plan—if at any time I make a bad plan—you must tell me for both our sakes. Lisette," he looked into her eyes with a sudden intensity and his voice changed, "you're not sorry that I came to Jangroentjiesfontein?"

"No." She shook her head. "How can you ask me that, Tooni? How can I be sorry? Whatever happens, I will not be sorry."

He put his arms round her and they stayed like that for a long while. Then they saddled again and rode on.

BEZUIDENHOUT, from his horse, inspected the fireplace in the morning light. "If they slept here last night they can't be more than three hours ahead, and there is the bed-place—look! They've lost a lot of time."

"It's the girl who will be tired," said Malan.

Jonathan said nothing.

"Now they'll stick to the trek-path," said Bezuidenhout with satisfaction. "Let's ride on! The horses are still fresh."

Jonathan shook his head. "No, we didn't water them last night. We must water them and give them a rest here. There's plenty of time. There's all the time in the world—all the time. Moreover,"—he looked sardonically up the long slope—"there are my father and my brother who will also want to water their horses."

Bezuidenhout said: "Man, there are times when I like you and there are times when I think that the Devil himself is within you!"

Jonathan made no answer, staring all the while at the slow coming of Andries and his father. The approaching horses were fresher than their own: there was no doubt of that. Probably the men were fresher, too. Lemaire and Andries were riding turn and turn about with the pack-horses, and the loads those carried were light. There was no question of their outriding his father. He could still see no way round that problem—perhaps there was no way round it.

To be concluded next week

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Whirring Wheels
Determined Woman
Gem Of The Collection
Getting Warm
If It's Not Done
Must Be Dad's
Through The Bars
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Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 6, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,924 result.)

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Across Clues XWORD 870

1. You've got to be careful how you interrupt one busy on job
5. Even if you like almost any one, you'll probably have a special favourite
6. Falling deeper and deeper in love may easily make one
8. More often than not, record disclosed by one is unsensational
11. It's comforting to know you can bank on your
12. Submarine crews looked forward to this in time of war
13. Man can do something to reduce this of the sea
14. Water which gets into one can quite easily be removed
15. To some old fogies, motorist's thirty miles an hour is still this

Down Clues

2. Comedian makes fun of one
3. Some farmers wish they knew a way to bring these to their farms
4. There's more than one that shows a dangerous leaning
5. Figures may appear to you distorted by this
7. With too much organization, it ceases to be one
9. You may reasonably keep an eye open for mice if any these are about
10. The ladies are not often prepared for their going

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